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ART. I. — *Sketches from Venetian History.* [Family Library, No. XLIII.] New York : J. & J Harper. 1833. 2 vols. 12mo.

A WORK on this subject, clear, concise and easily attainable, has been among the desirable things of History. The state, the self-styled Republic of Venice, existed so long, and enjoyed so high a degree of wealth and power during several centuries, and with comparatively so little internal change that was strongly marked, amid the tumults, revolutions, rises and falls of dynasties and forms of government, in the various states around her, particularly those of Italy, that it was necessarily a subject of interest both to the statesman and the philosopher. They would naturally desire to know the principles of a form of government so powerful and so durable, and connecting them with the records of its rise and progress, to trace their exemplification, application and changes through the long series of events, in which the greatness was won and for a time preserved, and with which it sunk to decay, while this form still retained its great outward features unaltered, and still, apparently, was guided by the same influence from within.

It is only of late years that it has been possible for this interest to be fully gratified. The external history of Venice was palpable enough, and so also were its outward forms of power and authority ; but the internal movements by which

that power was attained and that authority or influence put in motion, were often wholly, and almost always in part, involved in darkness and mystery. As they were partially disclosed by various accidents of time and opportunity, there was in them much that was revolting to a natural sense of equity, and to the kindly feelings of man towards his fellows, and which seemed to show, that the energy and durability so much wondered at and vaunted, were obtained by a fearful sacrifice of what most ennobles man, and constitutes him the image of his Maker. With the destruction of the independent existence of the state by Napoleon, the secrets of the prison house were brought to light, and since then it has been permitted to gratify the desire for information. Two large works on Venetian history have since made their appearance, one written by the celebrated Sismondi, and the other by the Comte Daru. To these the author of the work before us acknowledges his obligations, at the same time professing to have examined for himself many of the original sources of information, and intimating, that in some instances his pages may still afford the charm of novelty.

The early history of Venice, from the first mention of the Veneti in the annals of Rome to the year 1173, is slightly sketched in the first chapter. From this period the work proceeds more in detail, each chapter embracing a portion of time, varying from eight or ten to forty or fifty years, according to the number and importance of the incidents that occurred in them, the interest they may be supposed to possess for modern readers, or perchance the greater or less supply of materials afforded to the author by the sources to which he had access.

The narrative follows the usual, and what we cannot but consider the vicious, routine of histories in general, being for the most part occupied with details of rapine and bloodshed committed for power and prey; of intrigue, cheating and treachery, under the name of diplomacy and statesmanship, with the occasional interludes of conspiracies, rebellions, conflagrations and massacres; exhibiting in strong relief the more disgraceful actions, and passions of the human race, while the virtues, that dignify and adorn it, are left out of view altogether, or, if occasionally introduced, make their appearance in the back-ground, dimly and with little prominence of form or color. We may perchance expose ourselves

to censure or ridicule as whimsical or weak, but we do look upon the mode in which history is for the most part written, as calling for the severe rebuke of men and christians. Fame is to the aspiring soul, what the air is to the body — its breath of life. The records of history are the means by which it is to be afforded, when the days of achievement shall have passed. How great a portion of these records is filled even with what we have above stated, though oftentimes varnished and disguised under specious high sounding names and conventional terms, serving in the eyes of the unreflecting “to make the worse appear the better reason.”

The actors in scenes like these receive the largest share of the historian's notice, and their deeds serve most to gratify the almost innate love of renown; and while this is the case, the hopes of written immortality can only invite to a participation in such scenes, and must almost necessarily lead to a repetition of them. How far they are consonant to the happiness and welfare of the world, let those, who pride themselves upon their reason and knowledge, answer as these shall dictate. This mode of writing history was derived from heathen authors, (eloquent and learned though they were, the historians of Greece and Rome were but such,) and it comported well enough with the barbarous and vicious character of their false gods, and the legends of their false theology. To the character of Christianity it is utterly opposite, and if we believe this to be true, it is time that the thoughts and labors of the learned should be modelled in consonance with it, or so much at least as to show no contrariety to it.

In the present instance, to make an application of what would else seem like a wandering from the subject in hand, (though we could plead many an illustrious precedent,) the author would have done the world more real service, if, instead of going into so full a detail of the particulars of the usurpations, conquests, &c., of Venice, he had spent a portion of his time in investigating, and had given a share of his pages to recounting and explaining, the commercial laws, regulations and customs of this gréat mercantile state, and their effects in promoting or repressing its prosperity in the increase both of wealth and population. Venice also was celebrated for some of her manufactures, one of which, that of glass, is incidentally noticed two or three times in these volumes. A more detailed account of the origin, pro-

gress and excellence of these, of the manner in which they were conducted, of the general effect of them upon the prosperity of individuals, and of the state, whether they were fostered by the hand of power, or indebted for their greatness to the enterprise of individuals, with the causes of their decline, — all these would have been, to say the least, quite as important and useful to the world, as the details of most of the combats with the fleets of the Greek Emperor or the Turkish Sultan.

So too, while the veil has been withdrawn that covered the proceedings of the Venetian government, and light has been thrown upon the complicated and tortuous policy of the rulers, and the dark paths by which they struggled to power, and from power to tyranny, we are presented only in the gross with the action of this power upon the multitude — merely with the general measures of the state. Of the particulars of their domestic policy, their civil and criminal jurisprudence, their care in providing for the safety and promoting the prosperity of the people, and the effects of their efforts, showing them to be wisely or badly planned, and raising, depressing or changing the characters, pursuits, interests, or progress of the nation, little or nothing is said; while a whole chapter is devoted to the conquest of Constantinople by Dandolo, a shameless instance of rapine, and another to the "War of Chiozza," a war brought on by the greedy struggle for wealth and power between Venice and Genoa.

Such contests, it is true, form a part of the annals of a nation, and must therefore find a place in its history; what we complain of is, that the place they occupy is far too large; that in fact history is engaged mostly in recording them, to the exclusion of other things equally important in their effects upon the course of national affairs. A single wise or unwise law or regulation of commerce, agriculture, or internal polity, is often of more permanent influence upon a nation's career, than the loss or gain of half a dozen battles, or the successful or unsuccessful issue of many of the contests in which nations foolishly engage about trifles. We should on the whole propose to amend the title of the book by making it read "Historical Sketches of the Wars and Conquests of Venice, and of some of the Great Changes in the exercise of power in its Government." To this title the contents of the work will answer well, and the reader will not turn to it



for information which it does not contain, nor waste his time in going over details of little more immediate interest than the squabbles of the animals in Noah's Ark, under the idea that he is gaining or may find, valuable information. If History be "Philosophy teaching by example," let it be, in these days at least, christian philosophy, and let it set before its pupils, at fullest length and with pleasing colors, what it is desirable should be imitated, while the bad or doubtful may be depicted with less of detail and with appropriate hues.

The account given of the exercise of power in the Venetian States, presents a singular transition of it, at intervals and by portions, from the hands of one to those of a secret and irresponsible few, showing us the Doge, in the early ages of the dignity an almost unchecked and despotic master, though holding his power from the people, and in later times nothing but a crowned and gilded slave, having no option to refuse or accept his uneasy and precarious rank, and controlled in it, not only in the exercise of its nominal power, but even in the common privileges of a citizen, by his self-established dictators. To the time of the massacre of Vitale Michieli, in 1173, thirtynine Doges had wielded the supreme power, the only other constituted authority in a permanent body being the tribunal or council of *Forty*, a body of unknown origin and use, but supposed by the author to be little other than judicial in its character. This council however, comprised the heads of the noblest families in Venice, and taking advantage of the anarchy and confusion into which the state was thrown by the death of its immediate ruler in a popular commotion, they, previously to the election of another Doge, imposed upon it new forms, for the double purpose of checking the too great authority of the Doge, and admitting themselves to a participation in place and power.

By this new constitution the power of the Doge was indeed substantially checked, since he was provided with a council, consisting of one member from each of the six districts into which the city was divided, without whose advice and concurrence his orders were to be wholly null and disregarded. This council, with the Doge, was the *Signory* of Venice. In after times, we are informed, its numbers by various additions became twenty-six, and it was termed the *Collegio*. Moreover, there was a council of four hundred and eighty persons, to be chosen indiscriminately every year

from the mass of citizens by twelve electors, themselves likewise chosen annually, two from each district, and from this council a committee of sixty was appointed to assist the Doge. This committee bore the name of *Senate*, and was subsequently enlarged to the number of three hundred, by the admission of a permanent *giunta* of sixty, and of various magistrates in virtue of their offices. With regard to the powers of these various bodies, all the information given in explaining the formation of the constitution is this. "Of these three great divisions of government the Grand Council may be considered as possessing the sovereignty, the Senate as forming the deliberative body, and the Collegio as administering the executive departments." This, it must be confessed, is rather a meager account of the powers of the various branches of so remarkable a government. How ample were the means afforded to the author of enlarging it, we cannot say; but it seems probable that he might have related to us something at least regarding the forms of conducting business, and the various duties, immunities, and prerogatives of each body. Such would be peculiarly interesting, since this is the only time in its history, in which Venice appears to have had any outward claim to the appellation of a Republic, as distinct from a democracy, before the institution of the Dogeship, or an elective despotism after that, to the time when this constitution was formed. Brief as the account is, however, it seems to show plainly that the government established by it was but an *aristocracy*, the people at large having no voice in anything but the appointment of the twelve annual electors, and the six lords of the Signory, and no privilege, except that the members of the grand council might be taken from among themselves. Of both these things they were ere long deprived, since the Grand Council soon attributed to itself the right of appointing the twelve electors, and consequently that of renewing itself; and in 1296, or little more than one hundred years, was passed the first of a series of laws, accomplishing what was called "*the closing of the Council*," that is, the confining its membership within certain classes, and in 1319 the existing council was declared permanent and hereditary, and the *aristocracy* was complete in name, as in substance. The Doge was elected by the Grand Council by means of electors chosen by a complicated succession of ballotings, so that there should be, as far as human means could go, no possibility of any con-

nivance or agreement of factions in the bestowal of this titular sovereignty.

In 1325, a new body was appointed, by which the aristocracy was converted into an *oligarchy*. This body was the famous *Council of Ten*. "The ten officers from whom the court" (for they were originally appointed as a criminal court,) "derived its title, were chosen annually at four different assemblies of the Grand Council. No two of them could be members of the same family, or even bear the same name;" — "instituted solely for the cognizance of state crimes, this tribunal gradually attributed to itself the control of every branch of government, and exercised despotic influence over the questions of peace and war; over fiscal enactments, military arrangements, and negotiations with foreign powers. It annulled at pleasure the decrees of the Grand Council, degraded its members, deposed and even put to death the chief magistrate himself." "In their judicial administration the members of this council inquired, sentenced, and punished according to what they called reasons of state. The public eye never penetrated the mystery of their proceedings; the accused was sometimes not heard — never confronted with witnesses; the condemnation was secret as the inquiry; the punishment undivulged like both."

On a state so governed it would be a pollution to the name of freedom to bestow the title of Republic, and the merest idleness and mockery to include it, under that name, with the institutions of our own country, for the purpose of making any estimate of the merits or demerits of republican forms of government.

Still however, as if tyranny was not concentrated within sufficiently narrow bounds, as if all the elements of power and terror were not made sufficiently active by being committed to this formidable tribunal, in 1454, a new tribunal, that of the *Three Inquisitors of State*, was appointed, deriving its origin from a decree of the Grand Council, while its powers were granted by the Ten, and two of its members were taken from that body, the third being taken from the *Signory*, or *Collegio*. Of the nature and modes of proceeding of this tribunal the author gives us a summary derived from its original manuscript statutes, and from the decree of the Ten by which its powers were granted. This summary occupies several pages, and we can do no more than advert to its contents with one or two brief citations. — "The

inquisitors were invested with plenary authority over every person of whatsoever degree in the republic." "The penalties which they might inflict were left solely to their own discretion." "They held the keys of the treasury of the Ten without being accountable for the sums which they might draw from it; all governors, commanders, and ambassadors on foreign stations were enjoined implicit obedience; they were permitted to frame their own statutes, with the power of rescinding, altering, or adding to them from time to time." Of the character of these statutes we will give the author's statement.

"These decrees are the only ordinances reduced to writing, in which a legislative body has ever dared to erect a code upon the avowed basis of perfidy and assassination. Never yet did the principle of ill establish so free a traffic for the interchange of crime, so unrestricted a mart in which mankind might barter their iniquity; never was the commital of certain and irremediable evil so fully authorized for the chance of questionable and ambiguous good; never was every generous emotion of moral instinct, every accredited maxim of social duty so debased and subjugated to the baneful yoke of an assumed political expediency. The statutes of the Venetian inquisition of state, now exposed to the general eye, exceed every other product of human wickedness, in premeditated, deliberate, systematic, unmixed, undissembled flagitiousness."

This character seems amply sustained by the contents of the summary which follows.

We have already pretty fully expressed our opinion of the deficiency of information on some topics in this work, and the redundancy of it on others. It only remains to say what we think of its execution, considering it according to what we proposed as an amended title for it. In this view we are able to speak of it with much commendation. The author's narrative is lively, clear and concise; his style is agreeable and correct; and his occasional reflections are good and happily expressed, manifesting considerable powers of observation and just thought. He appears to have well digested and arranged the materials upon which he has labored, and to be for the most part correct in his statements, and in the views he has given of the various transactions he relates. Of many of them however it is difficult to determine the absolute truth, owing to various and often conflicting accounts given by earlier authorities under the influence

of prejudices or prepossessions of various kinds, yet we see no reason to doubt that the author has endeavored to do strict justice to his subjects.

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ART. II. — *England and the English*. By the Author of "Pelham," &c. New York: J. & J. Harper. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE title of this book is somewhat trite — we wish it had a better. The work itself is the result of deep and anxious meditation on the present critical condition of a great nation. The author professes to be neither tory, nor whig, nor radical; and the daring manner in which he exposes whatever he considers factious or destructive in the movements and opinions of the three great parties which now distract his country, seems little calculated to win favor from either. The *slave* of no party, he is the unsparing castigator of all. In favor of the Monarchy and the Established Church, of course he is no radical. He paints in grievous colors the withering influences of aristocratic power, and is therefore no tory. He is no whig, for he condemns the vacillating course of the whigs. But he is emphatically a *reformer*. He wishes reform in the military and pauper systems; he projects a system of national education, and advocates retrenchment. He draws a loathsome picture of pauperism, which he imputes jointly to a bad administration of the poor laws, and to public charities, which by their injudicious profusion, serve as an encouragement, rather than an alleviation of poverty. Could Mr Bulwer sojourn awhile on this side of the water, he would soon discover the very institutions for which his philanthropy yearns. We trust that if he should follow his countrymen, Captain Hall and Colonel Hamilton, and that darling of sweet angels and travellers, Mrs Trollope, instead of carping at little sins and foibles, his heart would gladden to discover the schemes on which he has so profoundly meditated, in complete and successful operation.

In his illustrations, our own country is frequently adverted to, and always with respect, and several of our writers are favorably alluded to, and quoted. If for no other purpose, the perusal of the book would be useful to us, in order to give us an insight into our own character. In English society we can trace the same peculiar vices and ruling passions and propensities that distinguish us, and are astonished, consid-

ering the radical differences of government and education, that we have not diverged more from the character of our English cousins. A traveller among us who should castigate our follies and sins with half the independence, that the author shows in lashing his own countrymen, (for we can almost distinguish the individual he lashes) would irritate every scribbler, and inflame our whole union.

Though the work abounds in literary beauties, of which we might instance particulars, in several ingenious discussions, in the criticism on Byron (which reminds one of another criticism by the same author, that on Dr Young, in the "Ambitious Student,") and in the generous tribute to the character of SIR ROBERT PEEL, — yet it is eminently political — *political in its purpose*, and political in its texture. Mr Bulwer's main proposition is, that all the evils which afflict his country have an aristocratic fraternity. The alleged three divisions of power are humbug. The Lords rule one House, by hereditary right; the other by close boroughs; and finally the King himself, by holding up for his intimidation, the danger of not yielding to the concurrent wishes of both houses. Thus, *in the aristocracy is the concentration of all power*. He traces this influence in the social condition of Great Britain, through the haughty melancholy of depressed merit in one instance, and through the base subserviency of distinguished abilities bribed and flattered to silence in another. He shows how vulgar arrogance is perpetuated by alliances with wealth, and how wealth in consequence becomes the all absorbing object craved. In considering literature, science, arts, taste, manners and fashions, he shows how all are tinctured with the aristocratic dye;

"In all states," he says, "there is some one predominating influence, either monarchical, or sacerdotal, or popular, or aristocratic. What is the influence which throughout the previous sections of this work, I have traced and proved to be the dominating influence of England, coloring the national character, pervading every *grade* of our social system, ruling our education, operating on our literature, our philosophy, our science, our arts? You answer at once — 'it is the aristocratic.' It is so."

He shields the King and the church from many imputations, and if any partiality is visible in these volumes, it is in the frequent opportunities which the author appears to seek for the vindication of the establishment. Did we not feel

that he was above all suspicion of such bias, we should suspect that he had some Rt. Rev. Bishop for an uncle.

One portion of the work is dedicated to the people of England, and for their welfare only, if sincerity ever beams through the written language, the author is solicitous. Mr B. is a young man, not far we believe from thirty; and we cannot question his veracity, when he tells us that the interests of large masses of men have been his study from his boyhood. After taking a comprehensive view of the dangers that thicken around the constitution, which like the black and angry clouds drift from every quarter of the heavens, and gather on some tall mountain peak, there to vent their desolating deluges, he thus closes one of the chapters addressed to the people.

"I put it to you all, whether viewing the temper of the age, the discontent of the multitude, the example of foreign states, the restlessness of France, the magnificent affluence of North America, the progress of an unthinking liberalism, the hatred against ostensible power; I put it to you all, whether, unless some great and dextrous statesman arise or unless some false notions are removed, some true principles are explained, you do not perceive slowly sweeping over the troubled mirror of time, *the giant shadow of the coming Republic.*"

The progress of such a giant he labors to retard. Not that he is no republican, for he is essentially one, but that he fears to engraft a fresh and vigorous republic on the bored and rotten trunk of an old aristocracy. Everything, according to his own various disclosures, *tends* however, not to the peaceable establishment of a Republic, but to the strife and turmoil of a revolution. The popular speculations of such philosophers as BENTHAM, and such reformers as HIMSELF, or even the inflammatory zeal of such demagogues as COBBETT, may not terminate directly in this direful result; but the Gordian knot of taxation, patronage and monopoly cannot be untied, but must be cut, and cut too with a jagged and rusty instrument. In discarding a republic, we think Mr Bulwer overlooks the fact that it would be a cure for its own evils, and acquire purity from its very fermentation. A republic he thinks would exist only in name—in reality it would be an oligarchy. The tenants and dependants would return the great landholders, who would still fill the benches and control the movements of the representative bodies; and the Duke of Wellington would



bear greater sway as Mr Wellesley, than he now does with all the splendor attached to his noble rank. It may be so; but we think not. Reform, if a republic comes, must usher her in. The first great and preliminary objects on which reform will fix her fangs, are those very abuses which are the vitality of corruption, on which such men as Wellington exist. Touch them, and all harmony is vanished, instead of that kind feeling necessary to an election of patricians, we should see them grasping tenaciously their ancient privileges, and warring bitterly, too bitterly perhaps, with popular encroachment. We do not see how a republic can be established without stripping the Lords of all that extraneous glitter, and perhaps confiscating that very property which gives them influence. The House of Lords must be *swamped*, monopoly levelled, and the church demolished, in arriving at a republic.

There is one subject Mr Bulwer does not disturb, and that is the National Debt. We longed to see him probe with his philosophical lancet this cancer of the body politic. It may be the consideration filled him with too anxious forebodings. Once or twice he ventured to the very verge of the discussion, but does not launch his bark on the *mare magnum*. He desires a vast reduction in taxation. Now it appears, that the first tax repealed, be it malt tax, or stamp tax, or window tax, makes a deficit in the Treasury. But if Mr Bulwer's other projects of reform go into effect, especially if the people are made intelligent and powerful by education, taxation of all descriptions, in all its obvious oppression and minute entwinings, must be reduced, and many grievous tax laws repealed. Here is a vast chasm created in the Treasury; but the want must be supplied, or the National Debt accumulate farther. And how can the deficit be supplied? *Property must supply it* — property, which was protected in incurring the debt — *an equal and fair property tax, or confiscation* must result from reform. Those vast and time hallowed castles, those magnificent parks, the coffers and patronage of the church, endowments perverted, monopolies, from the little town corporations, up to the vast East India Company, will they be left untouched by the rough, democratic, but sure grasp of equal taxation? Here is the crisis, a mighty people, just feeling the newly acquired energies of a chained giant who breathes again the free air, and expands his frame in free exertions of his limbs, is in conflict with a

haughty and infatuated peerage, driven to desperation by fear of a just and speedy extinguishment of the abuses, on which they alone exist — and in conflict with a vast establishment, which holds every attack upon itself as ruthless desecration. The plot each day thickens. It appears to us that this will be the sad *denouement*. May Heaven avert it.

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ART. III. — *Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts and Literature.* By GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. New York: J. & J. Harper. 1833. pp. 257. 12mo.

No inconsiderable portion of the literary effort of our country is contained in the occasional discourses and essays that are called forth to answer the objects and designs of the various associations and societies that exist among us. In this way our best scholars, men most-assiduously engaged in professional labor, create some brief moments of leisure from the pressure of their wonted avocations, and generously yield to the invitation of their fellow citizens to aid in the promotion of local or general improvement. They cannot, if they would, surround themselves as of old, with a wall of adamant, and separate themselves from the sympathies and interests of the community in which they dwell. Moral force draws them into action and almost compels a sacrifice at the behest of others. Whatever the student has garnered up as a precious treasure he must permit those around him to participate in, or the withering finger of scorn will follow him with spectral ubiquity and deaden the hours of enjoyment.

The mere business of oration making, and essay making, we look upon with but little respect. It is indeed an easy mode of gaining a certain sort of reputation, and sometimes leads in a greater or less degree to good practical results, by awakening the attention of the community and encouraging a spirit of investigation and study. So far it is of service, and so far it has our hearty commendation. But to the scholar himself its benefit may be more questionable, indeed may be of positive injury, so far as it prevents prolonged and well sustained effort. It is too apt to make him rest satisfied with imperfect investigation of his subject — the practice of which

is the bane of mental discipline, and of those full and lofty conceptions that belong to the ripe experience of the literary man. He must strive to adapt himself to the understandings and attainments of those whom he addresses, and as all science and literature and the deep results of study cannot be brought to the comprehension of such an audience, he must leave the fulness of his abstractions, and come down and mingle in common topics, and common places, in much that is already familiar to the instructed, in things, to adopt the expression of one of our northern functionaries, "that perish in the using." He will be unwilling to make zealous exertion through days and nights of solitary labor, if he can throw off at a few sittings a popular address, and gain thereby a factitious reputation; and if the community demand nothing more, the incentive to further diligence is gone, and the *habit* of living for future times is broken down. He who would live for the day may deal much in this kind of writing, and be borne on the general voice, and though he be but a mere sciolist, the odds are in his favor, that he will be praised for thorough, substantial learning. But he who would live for ages, if he be merely a literary man and do not connect himself with the politics of his country, must devote the earnest exertions of years of self sacrificing industry to the object of his pursuit.

The situation of our country is such that in regard to high scholarship on the one hand, and attainments of uncertain extent on the other, the degrees of good must be taken together, and the greatest benefit be derived that circumstances will permit. Many of the occasional discourses and lectures that are delivered, contain much that is worthy of preservation on subjects of importance and interest; and of this character are several of the "discourses and addresses," in the volume under review.

Mr Verplanck has long enjoyed a deserved reputation, as a man of taste and letters, and as so much of our literature deals in the class of writing we have described, we are glad that he has collected his various pieces into a volume for the public. Several of them have heretofore appeared in a pamphlet form, and have been extensively circulated, and are now published together, because, as the author correctly remarks in the preface, they have a general unity of purpose, being all designed to direct public attention to the history,

biography, arts and literature of our own country. The contents of this volume are —

I. Anniversary Discourse before the New York Historical Society. II. Eulogy upon the Founder of Maryland. III. Address delivered at the opening of the Tenth Exhibition of the American Academy of Fine Arts. IV. The Schoolmaster — Tribute to the Memory of Daniel H. Barnes. V. Address delivered before the Literary Societies of Columbia College, on the eve of the Annual Commencement. VI. Speech on the law of Literary Property. VII. Lecture Introductory to the several courses delivered before the Mercantile Association of New York.

Of these the historical discourse, which with its notes takes up nearly half the volume, and the address before the Academy of Fine Arts, are the most able and elaborate. In the former, after some very appropriate remarks upon the superior excellence and interest of biography, for its efficacy in treasuring up all that is individual in character, when compared with the cold narration of history, Mr Verplanck takes for his subject,

“The commemoration of some of those virtuous and enlightened men of Europe, who, long ago, looking with a prophetic eye towards the destinies of this new world, and regarding it as the chosen refuge of freedom and truth, were moved by a holy ambition to become the ministers of the Most High, in bestowing upon it the blessings of religion, morals, letters, and liberty.” p. 11.

He then proceeds to sketch the characters of Las Casas, the fathers of New England, Roger Williams, Lord Baltimore, William Penn, John Locke, General Oglethorpe, Bishop Berkeley, the Dutch founders of New York, the late Professor Luzac of Leyden, and the Huguenot settlers. He describes with bold outline and nice delineation. In speaking of Las Casas, he successfully vindicates him, on the authority of the learned M. Gregoire, against the charge of having given birth to negro slavery, which charge was first made by the Spanish historian Hererra, never particularly famed for his accuracy, and in the last generation was repeated by Robertson in his history of America. Mr Verplanck then proceeds to trace the very peculiar characteristics of that race of men who founded New England, and who

have left such strong and durable impress upon every succeeding age. He does them ample justice for their stirring virtues and unconquerable courage and perseverance, and for their sacrifice to the dictates of conscience of all they held dear in father land.

He then sets forth the most interesting and distinguishing traits in the character of the other individuals and people whom we have named, and spreads before us succinctly but with beautiful precision, such portions of their life as bear upon our history, and constitute them our fellow countrymen. We will cite such passages as our limits permit, referring our readers with cordial satisfaction to the work itself as its own best testimony.

In speaking of William Penn, Mr Verplanck, after describing his remarkable inflexibility of purpose, says,

"He lived in an age of controversy and intolerance, both religious and political; and for a considerable part of his life, he published a polemical tract every month, and was regularly thrown into prison at least once a year. But neither tyranny nor the continual irritation of controversy, could change his steady character. Prosperous or unprosperous, in peace or in controversy, in business and in retirement, he was still the same; kind, pure, patient, laborious, fearless, zealous, pious. If his polemic ardor now and then hurried him a little beyond the bounds of his habitual meekness, still his violence was always confined to a few rough words; and it is even worthy of remark, that this occasional intemperance of expression seldom extended much beyond his title page; and as soon as that slight effervescence was over, he quietly returned to his accustomed calm, clear, and quaint simplicity of style.

"It was after a long and rigid discipline of adversity and oppression, when his youthful presumption had subsided, and his enthusiastic zeal had ripened into a wise and practical benevolence, that Penn became the founder of that commonwealth which so gloriously perpetuates his name, his wisdom, and his virtues — a more magnificent and lasting monument than conqueror or despot ever reared." pp. 31, 32.

"The history of man does not furnish any more interesting scene, nor one calling up finer associations or more generous sympathies, than the first conference of William Penn and his followers with the savage chiefs; when, to recur again to his own inimitable words, 'they met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was taken on either side, but all was openness, brotherhood, and love.'" p. 33.

"Never was there undertaken a more sublime political enterprise than that of the founder of Pennsylvania. Never was there a legislation more boldly marked with that unity of intention which is the most peculiar and majestic feature of all original conception. His system of virtuous politics was reared upon benevolence, justice, and liberty. With these objects he began, and with these he ended. In an age when, with few exceptions, the sound principles of civil liberty were as little understood by those who clamored for freedom as by those who defended the doctrines of arbitrary power, William Penn began his system of virtuous politics, by proclaiming to his people, in words of noble dignity and simplicity, 'that the great end of government was to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration — for Liberty without obedience is confusion, and Obedience without liberty is slavery.'

"With such views, thus liberal and temperate, his first care was to divest himself of the almost arbitrary power he had been intrusted with, and to establish a form of government on the broadest plan of republican representation. At the same time, well judging 'that governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments,' he rested his sole reliance upon public morals and education for the preservation of public liberty. 'For,' saith he, 'that which makes a good government must keep it, namely, men of wisdom and virtue, qualities, which, because they descend not with natural inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth.'

"It is unnecessary to recall to the recollection of any American, who is at all conversant with the history of his own country, the gentleness and tolerance of Penn's government; his love of peace and its arts; the kindness with which he watched over the welfare, and labored for the instruction, of the African race; his encouragement of useful industry and general education; the mild wisdom of his criminal code; and, above all, his effort to improve the administration of justice, by combining the reformation of the offender with the punishment of the offence — a grand and original attempt, which, had he no other claim to our gratitude, would alone entitle him to a most honorable place among the benefactors of the world." pp. 34, 35.

The tribute to Bishop Berkeley is perhaps the best in the whole collection. His deep learning, searching spirit of philosophy and noble elevation of character, meet with a hearty response from our author, who pursues the subject with

manifest love and reverence. Berkeley was an ardent friend of America, and did much and designed vastly more for her benefit, when a large appropriation of nearly ninety thousand pounds sterling, obtained through his unwearied exertions, to be placed under his control and intended for a university in this country, was taken by Sir Robert Walpole, under a vote of Parliament, to pay the marriage portion of the Princess Royal. For two years and a half Berkeley resided in Rhode Island. There he composed his "Minute Philosopher," and became acquainted with the principal literary gentlemen of the country, with several of whom he preserved an intimacy till his death. He was a generous benefactor to Yale and Harvard Colleges, and to Columbia College, which was established after his return to Europe.

"Berkeley's was one of those rare minds, which, by the alchemy of true genius, can transmute and ennoble all that they touch. In his *Queries* proposed for the good of Ireland, he incidentally laid open many new and interesting views in the then uncultivated science of political economy; and all his writings on ephemeral subjects are marked with that sure indication of an elevated mind, the habit of referring objects of local or transitory interest to those broad grounds of general reason and conscience, without the frequent contemplation of which, says he, a man may indeed be a thriving earthworm, but he will prove but a sorry patriot. Whatever may be the result of his arguments upon any point, it is impossible to follow him through his chain of reasoning without being instructed and improved. In this respect as in some others, he resembled Warburton. In every investigation, to which these acute, intrepid, and excursive reasoners applied their powerful minds, they continually struck out brilliant thoughts and frequent flashes of light, even where they failed in the ultimate object of their labors. But Berkeley was very superior to the dogmatic 'Lord of paradoxal land,' in the perfect candor and good faith with which he maintains his opinions, and still in the beautiful moral coloring he always gives to his learning and his argument, and in the consequent moral effect on the mind of his reader. For it was the unceasing aim of all his philosophy 'gently to unbind the ligaments which chain the soul to the earth, and to assist her flight upwards towards the Sovereign Good.'" pp. 51, 52.

This discourse, which was delivered in the year 1818, abounds with generous sentiments, with reverence for moral and intellectual greatness, and with praise of the subjects it



commemorates, freely bestowed indeed, but with just discrimination. In the appendix there is a considerable amount of valuable detail in illustration of the text.

The address delivered before the American Academy of the Fine Arts, in May, 1824, is deserving of high commendation for the excellent views with which it abounds, and the fine taste it evinces throughout. The author discusses the uses and value of the fine arts in relation to society, and points out the manner in which a familiarity with the works of taste produces sensibility to the beauties of form, proportion, simplicity of execution, &c. and consequently a powerful influence upon civilization, commerce, and manufactures. He answers fully the *cui bono* doctrine which is so often blindly advanced by the unthinking, the ignorant and superficial, and sometimes, we regret to say, by men in other respects of good sense and sound reflection. The cold theory that resolves all beauty into the perception of utility, by which is commonly understood that no creation of art is of use unless it tend to some immediate good practical result, is of course wholly rejected by the discriminating judgment and taste of the author. Such reasoning at once throws out of existence a vast amount of generous sentiment derived from association, and some of the happiest influences, whether moral, patriotic or literary; and instead of raising man to the refinement and dignity of which his moral and intellectual nature is capable, drags him down to earthly views, and to those pleasures that have their beginning and consummation in material existence.

The remarks of our author upon our sad deficiencies in architecture, strike us as perfectly just. The clumsy extravagance of many of our public and private edifices, is so familiar to the eye as to occasion but little remark. Those who build, seem in legal phrase to sin with *malice prepense* against the rules of the art, and disregard harmony and proportion as much as if they had none of these elements in their composition. The evil still exists and is perpetuated from year to year, despite of the exertions of the accomplished artist. The remark of Mr Jefferson, that "the Genius of Architecture seems to have shed her maledictions over this land," is almost as true now as it was fifty years ago.

"Had the architecture of this country, like that of antiquity, been of native growth, it is not improbable that it would have

sooner attained to the character I have described. But it has fared with this art as with our literature; we have borrowed most of it from England and France, and by no means from the best models which those countries afford. It is only within a few years that we have begun to think for ourselves, or to draw directly from the purer fountains of antiquity. Hence it is that when our increasing riches enabled us to erect large and expensive public edifices, instead of embodying in them those pure forms and scientific proportions of Grecian art which have been admired for ages, or, wherever they could with propriety be introduced, correctly imitating some few of those light and graceful, or those solemn effects of Gothic architecture, which it may be within our power to execute satisfactorily, many of our most costly buildings have been vitiated by the predominance of that taste which prevailed on the continent of Europe, in the reign of Louis XIV., and was universal in Great Britain throughout most of the last century, though it has now given way there, as it did at an earlier period in France, to a much chaster style. I mean that corruption of the Roman, or rather Palladian architecture, which delights in great profusion of unmeaning ornament, in piling order upon order, in multitudes of small and useless columns and mean and unnecessary pilasters, in numerous and richly decorated windows — in short, in that ostentatious and elaborate littleness, which strives to supply the place of unity and dignity by lavish embellishment and minute elegance of detail. When this style is carried into execution in buildings of poor materials, and where, as is too common in this country, artificial stone-work, stucco, wood, lath, plaster, and paint, supply the place of marble or freestone, the effect is exquisitely paltry. It reminds the spectator of the tawdry and tarnished finery of an underling player. This, too, is often made more conspicuous, by an ambitious or ignorant departure from the common technical rules and fixed proportions. . . . Most of our architects are very deficient in what may be termed the painting of their own art — that power, too rare elsewhere as well as here, of giving expression to buildings, of making their appearance announce their uses, of assimilating the style of ornament to the objects to which they are applied, of filling the mind with those sensations most consonant to the uses, whether of amusement or learning, of legislation or of devotion, for which they were erected.

“Our need of improvement in this art is by no means confined to the public buildings of our national or state capitals. Our domestic architecture is still almost exclusively copied, and sometimes not well copied, from the common English books, without variety, and with little adaptation to our climate and habits of life.

"Our better sort of country-seats have often an air of too much pretension for the materials, and their scale, in size and expense. While we despise the humble beauties and picturesque comforts of the cottage, we rarely attain to the splendor of the chateau or villa. In short, our countrymen have yet to learn, that good taste and proportion, so valuable in their effects, cost nothing." pp. 131-134.

"I could willingly dilate much longer upon this subject. Without pretending to any exact science in this department, I have always found its study full of peculiar charms. In its philosophy, it is connected with some of the most refined and curious speculations of intellectual science; in its theory, it brings together in very singular, yet most harmonious union, the rigid and exact rules of mathematics, and the undefinable and unexpressible, but not less certain, laws of sentiment and taste; in its history, it is throughout interwoven with that of the progress of society, of national character, and of genius; in its practice, it contributes at every moment to private happiness and public grandeur." pp. 135, 136.

Our author next proceeds to speak of the arts of painting, sculpture and engraving, and throughout he manifests the same observing and cultivated mind. To the genius of our native artists he pays deserving and patriotic commendation. Young as this country is, she has been distinguished for nothing more than for the number and talent of her artists; and it is a striking fact that while she has been considered as wholly devoted to sordid pelf, and as having paid back no part of the debt she owes to other times and nations, while she has been unjustly censured for want of generous learning, and has been a mark for the venom or ridicule of supercilious tourists, she has given to the old world an array of artists superior to their contemporaries, artists who have won unwilling applause from foreigners, and successfully asserted their claim to the first rank in their profession.

In his address before the literary societies of Columbia College, Mr Verplanck gives brief but eloquent notices of the graduates of that institution — an institution that in proportion to its whole number of sons, has sent forth many who have become distinguished men both in church and state. There was graduated among others, Hamilton, whose life was one brilliant epoch of intellectual vigor and noble public service, and "to whose foresight, influence and eloquence," as our author well remarks, "more than to any

other man, perhaps more than to all others, we owe that union of the States under the present constitution, which rescued us from weakness and anarchy, and gave us a permanent rank among the nations of the earth." There were graduated Jay, that spotless patriot and sincere christian, whose life we have particularly noticed in a former number of our journal, (July, 1833,) Gouverneur Morris,\* Chancellor Livingston, Van Cortland, Rutgers, Troup, De Witt Clinton, Tompkins, Harrison, "the most learned and accomplished lawyer of a learned bar," Bishop Moore, Professor Bowden, Dr Mason, and others. All these sketches are thrown off rapidly, but they are vigorous and racy. We have room only for a few extracts from his notice of Hamilton, Jay and Livingston.

"How is it then, that Hamilton's writings, like his fame, have ceased to be the property of a party, and have become that of the nation?"

"It was not merely that he brought to the consideration of vast and complicated questions a mind original, inventive, logical; that those native powers were supported by an untiring industry and abundant knowledge, which drew elucidation and argument from every collateral source. But it was, that this vigor of mind and amplitude of knowledge were but the instruments of a frank, and simple, and manly integrity of purpose, unstained by any selfish motive, always seeking for truth as its object, always looking to the public good as its ultimate end. It was this that stamped its peculiar character upon his eloquence, whether spoken or written. Filled with the strong interests of his subject, he had no thought of himself. There were no flights of ambitious rhetoric, no gaudy ornament, no digressions of useless learning or ostentatious philosophy; everything he said had relation to his subject alone, and that was viewed in every light, tried by every test, examined, scrutinized, canvassed, discussed; no objection suppressed, no difficulty avoided; till at last, whatever might be his own conclusion, nothing was wanting to enable the hearer or reader to judge for himself. His stream of thought, as it proceeded, was swelled from a thousand fountains, yet it still flowed on in one full, clear, and mighty current.

"It was this same characteristic of moral and intellectual frankness, that, during his life, made him, without office or patronage, the acknowledged head of a talented and powerful party; that, amidst that violence of contention which alienated friends

\* See American Monthly Review for June, 1832.

and brothers, gained for the leader and champion of a minority the confidence of the whole nation in his purity and patriotic intentions. This won for Hamilton the high tribute of his illustrious rival, Thomas Jefferson, not only to his 'colossal talents,' but to his private virtues, and the good faith and undissembled honor of his public conduct. When he died, it was this recollection above all others that filled the land with gloom and sorrow." pp. 188, 189.

"As the character of Hamilton presents, in its soldierlike frankness and daring, a beautiful example of the spirit of chivalry applied to the pursuits of the statesman, so in that of Jay, pure and holy justice seemed to be embodied. He lived as one —

Sent forth of the Omnipotent, to run  
The great career of justice.

He was endowed above most men with steadiness of purpose and self-command. He had early sought out for himself, and firmly established in his mind, the grand truths, religious, moral, or political, which were to regulate his conduct; and they were all embodied in his daily life. Hence the admirable consistency of his character, which was the more striking as it seemed to reconcile and unite apparently opposite qualities. That grave prudence, which, in common men, would have swayed every action to the side of timid caution, was in him combined with invincible energy. So too in his opinions. No man was more deeply penetrated with the doctrines or the sentiment of religion; no man more conscientiously exact in its observances; whilst no man could look with more jealousy on any intermixture of the religious with the temporal authority; no man more dreaded, or watched with more vigilant caution, every invasion, however slight, upon the rights of private conscience.

"After a long and uninterrupted series of the highest civil employments, in the most difficult times, he suddenly retired from their toils and dignities, in the full vigor of mind and body, at a time when the highest honors of the nation still courted his acceptance, and at an age when, in most statesmen, the objects of ambition show as gorgeously, and its aspirations are as stirring as ever. He looked upon himself as having fully discharged his debt of service to his country; and satisfied with the ample share of public honor which he had received, he retired with cheerful content, without ever once casting a reluctant eye towards the power or dignities he had left. For the last thirty years of his remaining life, he was known to us only by the occasional appearance of his name, or the employment of his pen, in the service of piety or philanthropy. A halo of veneration seemed to encir-

cle him, as one belonging to another world, though yet lingering amongst us. When, during the last year, the tidings of his death came to us they were received through the nation, not with sorrow or mourning, but with solemn awe ; like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient scripture — ‘ And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.’” pp. 192, 193.

“ Splendid as were the incidents of Chancellor Livingston’s official and political career, he himself wisely looked with more satisfaction, and his best fame may hereafter rest upon his efficient agency as an enlightened private citizen in hastening forward the march of improvement over our land. He was among the first in this state who applied to agriculture the science and the interest of a liberal study, braving the laugh of the ignorant, and the sneers of the prejudiced, at the failure of his experiments, and richly rewarded in their success by the general good he had earned. The arts of taste and design found in him one of their earliest and most judicious patrons. Under his auspices the first academy in this country for their cultivation was formed, and under his immediate direction it was provided with the best means of improvement for the artist, and of instruction and refinement to the general taste. Above all, his agency in the invention of steam navigation, his enlightened science in early perceiving its practicability and admirable use, his prophetic confidence in ultimate success amidst repeated disappointments, losses, and ridicule, and finally his sagacity in seizing upon and associating with himself the practical genius of Fulton, whose plans had been rejected with scorn by the rulers, the *savans*, and the capitalists of the old world, combine to place him in the highest ranks of the lasting benefactors of the human race. It is a beautiful thought of Lord Bacon’s, that, antiquity, whilst it honored the law-givers, the founders or deliverers of states, but with the title of worthies or demigods, rightly bestowed upon those who had invented or improved the arts and commodities of human life, ‘ honors (as he terms them) heroical and divine ;’ because the merit of the former is confined within the circle of one age or nation, but that of the others is indeed like the benefits of heaven, being permanent and universal. ‘ The former,’ says he, ‘ is mixed with strife and perturbation ; but the latter, like the true presence of Deity, comes without noise or agitation.’

“ It was therefore a proud eulogy, as well as a true one, which a distinguished professor (whose own name adds scientific lustre to the catalogue of her sons) lately pronounced upon this college, when he traced to her walls and lecture-rooms, the germs of the greatest practical improvements be-

stowed by science upon our state and nation, — the steam navigation of Livingston and Stevens, (for the name of Stevens belongs also to us) and the canal system of Morris and Clinton." pp. 194–196.

Mr Verplanck, in his remarks upon the law of literary property, gives a brief view of the past and present legislation of the United States upon this interesting subject. For the recent law for the increased protection and extension of copy-rights, the public are mainly indebted to him. He first introduced the bill, collected a considerable amount of valuable information upon the rights of authors, and pressed the consideration of the matter upon the attention of Congress, till, by his assiduity, through some delay and more opposition, he met with triumphant success. He refuted the erroneous notion, which we believe is quite prevalent, that the right of the author or inventor to the fruits of his labor, is a mere creation of positive law, and placed it on the foundation of natural justice and moral right, where, as is susceptible of full proof, were this the fit occasion for going into the subject, the common law has placed it.

The volume closes with the lecture delivered by the author in 1831, before the Mercantile Association of the city of New York, introductory to the regular course delivered during the winter of 1831–32. This Association was formed "with a view of advancing the moral and intellectual culture of the large body of young men employed as merchants' clerks in the city of New York." The general subject of this lecture is "the advantages of general knowledge to men engaged in active business." He presses upon the minds of the young the value of the opportunities they have for gaining knowledge in the intervals of business, and the very considerable amount of learning they may thus obtain. He forcibly illustrates the proposition that the young now possess an advantage in having their starting point much in advance of that of the elder day, in receiving as undeniable truths, those results that, in a former age, were matters of doubt and speculation, and were only attained by learned men, after years of laborious study. To this advantageous consideration, are added the division of labor, the increased cultivation of the general



mass, and a wider extension of literary society; and as a further incentive to exertion, the results of the studies of Franklin, Priestley, Ricardo, and Roscoe, in their leisure hours, are depicted, which show how much even very busy men may accomplish in those little fragments of time, which those most occupied in absorbing pursuits may command, or rather create, and which the idle and indolent are wont to regard as of the most trifling moment.

We have perused this little volume with much pleasure. It contains a great deal of literary matter well wrought up, and is imbued throughout with a healthy moral spirit. It abounds in classical allusion, proceeding from the fulness of a cultivated mind, and manifesting the taste and refinement of a scholar. The only fault in the style is that it is occasionally too ambitious; while in general it is rich and glowing, frequently eloquent, and always well sustained. As the author has long been known as one of our best and most popular writers, his country has claims upon him which we hope he will regard; and as he is now away from the stormy arena of political life, and has returned to the more fitting pursuits of private station — certainly more fitting for the ripe scholar, and the man of intellectual habits and affections, we would express, what we trust is the general wish, that he would devote himself to the preparation of some literary work of wider reach, and greater elaboration than mere discourses and addresses, and thus connect his name, in all future time, with the wholesome, permanent literature of his country.

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ART. IV. — 1. *The Young Christian; or a Familiar Illustration of the Principles of Christian Duty.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Stereotype Edition. 12mo. pp. 395.

2. *The Teacher; or Moral Influences employed in the Instruction and Government of the Young. Intended chiefly to assist young Teachers in organizing and conducting their Schools.* By JACOB ABBOTT, late Principal of the Mt. Vernon Female School, Boston, Mass. Boston: Peirce & Parker. 1833. 12mo. pp. 293.

THE first of these works has been some time before the public, and does not require our testimony to its singular

felicity of conception and execution. It is characterised by simplicity and directness of manner, and by a fertility and variety of illustration, which give it the interest of a novel. Didactic in its design, and treating of some points usually regarded as rather abstract, and as therefore excusing if not absolutely requiring a dry manner, it is yet so contrived that there is nothing dry about it. The reader is enticed on, page after page, from chapter to chapter, understanding all and interested in all. The secret of this is the author's power of illustration. Every truth and every process of reasoning is embodied in an anecdote, story, or parable. And at the same time, the truth or argument is not *overlaid* by the story, as is the case in many narrations designed for the illustration of a moral; but the moral is still the first thing, kept before the mind as such, and the anecdote is, as it should be, only the illustration. It may be that there are exceptions to this remark in its full extent, but they are of slight consequence. We think that few writers have been so successful in this method; and we do not wonder at the popularity which has been consequent upon it. We had intended introducing a passage, that those of our readers who have not seen the book might understand what we mean; but as we wish to reserve our room for the more recent work, we will merely say that from the passages cited from that, they may form an accurate notion of the manner of which we have been speaking. The volume has become too well known to require that we give a particular account of it, or that we enter into minute criticisms. There are passages to which objection of some sort might be made; but we have not the disposition to do anything with regard to so useful a book but to recommend it.

The remarks already made apply to the second work of Mr Abbott named at the head of this article. It is written in a similar manner, and deserves equal commendation for the general correctness and usefulness of its contents, as well as for the attractiveness of its manner. We regard it as in every sense a valuable work. Its object is to show how education may be conducted most successfully and thoroughly by the employment of *moral influences*, and to this end it describes minutely the various arrangements by which such a project may be made effectual. We have heard it objected, that in all this there is rather too much

machinery ; but it appears to us that the objection is unfounded ; for we do not perceive how any great object of the sort can be accomplished except through some very distinct and methodical *plan* of operation, and that plan must have, to a certain extent, a mechanical appearance. And in the present instance we are quite sure, that any one, who will consider the spirit in which the several arrangements are detailed, and how the object is always so kept in view as to show that the form is wholly secondary and auxiliary, will perceive that there is no cause to complain that the scheme is overloaded with machinery.

Neither is it liable to another objection, to which at a first glance it might seem obnoxious ; namely, that of weakening the requisite *authority* of an instructor, by taking from him all but the means of moral influence. Mr Abbott, to be sure, is very confident, that if these were applied with fidelity and skill, a resort to any others will never be necessary ; they will be wholly adequate to all the work of discipline. He has good reason for his confidence. But he sees no tendency in his system, nor do we, to diminish aught of the authority of the school ; quite otherwise. " It must not be imagined," he says, " that the system here recommended, is one of persuasion. It is a system of authority, — supreme and unlimited authority, a point essential in all plans for the supervision of the young." Throughout the book, and in all its details, he is faithful to this maxim ; and we doubt whether any monarch of the birch and ferrule has higher notions of a teacher's supremacy and the duty of absolute subordination. A school, he says, must be " a monarchy, an absolute, unlimited monarchy ;" and it is quite clear from the whole tone of the volume, that no Czar or Sultan ever reigned more despotically than this author would have his teachers do ; — with this important qualification, — that they shall direct all the force of their administration to destroy the disposition to wrong doing ; — other despots use their power to punish it. He would certainly reserve to the teacher the right to punish ; but his grand aim is, by the antecedent agency of moral means, to prevent the necessity. Of many passages that might be cited, we take the following, as sufficient for our present purpose, while it affords a fair specimen of the book.

"The efforts described under the last head, for gaining a personal influence over those who, from their disposition and character, are most in danger of doing wrong, will not be sufficient entirely to prevent transgression. Cases of deliberate, intentional wrong will occur, and the question will rise, what is the duty of the teacher in such an emergency? When such cases occur, the course to be taken is, first of all, to come to a distinct understanding on the subject with the guilty individual. Think of the case calmly, until you have obtained just and clear ideas of it. Endeavor to understand precisely in what the guilt of it consists. Notice every palliating circumstance; and take as favorable a view of the thing, as you can, while, at the same time, you fix most firmly in your mind the determination to put a stop to it. Then go to the individual, and lay the subject before him, for the purpose of understanding distinctly from his own lips, what he intends to do. I can however, as usual, explain more fully what I mean, by describing a particular case, substantially true.

"The teacher of a school observed, himself, and learned from several quarters, that a certain boy was in the habit of causing disturbance during time of prayer, at the opening and close of school, by whispering, playing, making gestures to the other boys, and throwing things about from seat to seat. The teacher's first step was, to speak of the subject, generally, before the whole school, not alluding, however, to any particular instance which had come under his notice. These general remarks produced, as he expected, but little effect.

"He waited for some days, and the difficulty still continued. Had the irregularity been very great, it would have been necessary to have taken more immediate measures, but he thought the case admitted of a little delay. In the mean time, he took a little pains to cultivate the acquaintance of the boy, to discover and to show that he noticed what was good in his character and conduct, occasionally to get from him some little assistance, — and thus to gain some personal ascendancy over him.

"One day, when everything had gone smoothly and pleasantly, the teacher told the boy, at the close of school, that he wanted to talk with him a little, and asked him to walk home with him. It was not uncommon for the teacher to associate thus, with his pupils, out of school, and this request, accordingly, attracted no special attention. On the walk, the teacher thus accosted the criminal.

"Do you like frank, open dealing, James?"

"James hesitated a moment, and then answered faintly, 'Yes, sir.'

“‘Most boys do, and I do; and I supposed that you would prefer being treated in that way. Do you?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘Well, I am going to tell you of one of your faults. I have asked you to walk with me, because I supposed it would be pleasanter for you to have me see you privately, than to bring it up in school.’

“James said it would be pleasanter.

“‘Well, the fault is, being disorderly at prayer time. Now if you like frank and open dealing, and are willing to deal so with me, I should like to talk with you a little about it, but if you are not willing, I will dismiss the subject. I do not wish to talk with you now about it, unless you yourself desire it. But if we talk at all, we must both be open, and honest, and sincere. Now should you rather have me talk with you, or not?’

“‘Yes, sir, I should rather have you talk with me now, than in school.’

“The teacher then described his conduct, in a mild manner, using the style of simple narration, — admitting no harsh epithets, — no terms of reproach. The boy was surprised, for he supposed he had not been noticed. He thought, perhaps he should have been punished, if he had been observed. The teacher said in conclusion :

“‘Now, James, I do not suppose you have done this from any designed irreverence towards God, or deliberate intention of giving me trouble and pain. You have several times lately, assisted me, in various ways, and I know from the cheerful manner with which you comply with my wishes, that your prevailing desire is, to give me pleasure, not pain. You have fallen into this practice through thoughtlessness ; but that does not alter the character of the sin. To do so, is a great sin against God, and a great offence against good order in school. You see, yourself, that my duty to the school, will require me to adopt the most decided measures, to prevent the continuance and the spread of such a practice. I should be imperiously bound to do it, even if the individual was the very best friend I had in school, and if the measure necessary, should bring upon him great disgrace and suffering. Do you not think it would be so?’

“‘Yes, sir,’ said James, seriously, ‘I suppose it would.’

“‘I want to remove the evil, however, in the pleasantest way. Do you remember my speaking on this subject, in school the other day?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘Well, my object in that, was, almost entirely, to persuade you to reform, without my having to speak to you directly. I

thought it would be pleasanter to you to be reminded of your duty in that way. But I do not think it did you much good. Did it ?

" ' I don't think I have played so much since then. '

" ' Nor I. You have improved a little, but you have not decidedly and thoroughly reformed. So I was obliged to take the next step, which would be least unpleasant to you ; that is, talking with you alone. Now you told me, when we began, that you would deal honestly and sincerely with me, if I would with you. I have been honest and open. I have told you all about it, so far as I am concerned. Now I wish you to be honest, and tell me what you are going to do. If you think, from this conversation, that you have done wrong, and if you are fully determined to do so no more, and to break off at once, and forever from this practice, I should like to have you tell me, and then the whole thing will be settled. On the other hand, if you feel about it pretty much as you have done, I should like to have you tell me that too, honestly and frankly, that we may have a distinct understanding, and that I may be considering what to do next. I shall not be offended with you for giving me either of these answers, but be sure that you are honest ; you promised to be so. '

" The boy looked up in his master's face, and said, with great earnestness,

" ' Mr T., *I will* do better. *I will not* trouble you any more. '

" I have detailed this case, thus particularly, because it exhibits clearly what I mean, by going directly and frankly to the individual, and coming at once, to a full understanding. In nine cases out of ten, this course will be effectual. For four years, and with a very large school, I have found this sufficient, in every case of discipline which has occurred, except in three or four instances, where something more was required. To make it successful, however, it must be done properly. Several things are necessary. It must be deliberate ; generally better after a little delay. It must be indulgent, so far as the view which the teacher takes of the guilt of the pupil, is concerned ; every palliating consideration must be felt. It must be firm and decided, in regard to the necessity of a change, and the determination of the teacher to effect it. It must also be open and frank ; no insinuations, no hints, no surmises, but plain, honest, open dealing.

" In many cases, the communication may be made most delicately, and most successfully, in writing. The more delicately you touch the feelings of your pupils, the more tender these feelings will become. Many a teacher hardens and stupifies the moral sense of his pupils, by the harsh and rough exposures, to which he drags out the private feelings of the heart. A man

may easily produce such a state of feeling in his school-room, that to address even the gentlest reproof to any individual, in the hearing of the next, would be a most severe punishment; and on the other hand, he may so destroy that sensitiveness, that his vociferated reproaches will be as unheeded as the idle wind." pp. 152-155.

The details given in the sixth chapter respecting the Mt. Vernon school, go fully to illustrate these general principles; and corroborate completely what we have often had occasion to observe in the course of our own experience, — that success in government and teaching belongs to the affectionate and mild, not to the loud and violent. The best order — to say nothing of final influence on character, — has been preserved by words, not by blows. We have in our thoughts at this moment an admirable instance of long continued and uninterrupted success growing out of this principle, where the instructor's general maxim was, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. How many miserable tyrants of the rod have practically reversed this maxim, and thus have filled their schools with scenes of anarchy, while they have brought their profession into contempt.

The details in the second chapter respecting the general arrangements to be made in a school, so as to secure order and study, are well worthy the attention of all such persons. Not that we would recommend their adoption precisely as they stand; but they show clearly the importance of regularity and system; system, by which the master should be bound as well as the pupil. But whether the particular plan here recommended be adopted or not, it contains hints from which many may profit.

"I wish it may be distinctly understood," says the author, "that all I contend for is the *principles* themselves; no matter what the particular measures are, by which they are secured. Every good school must be systematic, but they need not all be on precisely the same system."

The discussion at the close of this chapter, of the question how far the pupils should be allowed a share in the management of the affairs of the school, is full of interest. It seems that in some cases the experiment has been tried of putting the government wholly into the hands of the pupils, who were organized like a republic, and exercised the legislative



and judicial functions ; the Preceptor being the executive. Mr Abbott is decidedly of opinion that such an arrangement is injudicious and hazardous ; but at the same time is equally decided in recommending that, under the direction of the Preceptor, the pupils should in various ways help to carry on the affairs of the institution, and be made actively interested in its order, welfare, and improvement. Certain dangers are attendant on such a plan, but he shows how these may be guarded against ; and then adds,

“ With these limitations and restrictions, and with this express understanding, in regard to what is, in all cases, the ultimate authority, I think there will be no danger in throwing a very large share of the business which will, from time to time, come up in the school, upon the scholars, for decision. In my own experience, this plan has been adopted with the happiest results.” p. 64.

From the next chapter, on *Instruction*, we should be glad to make several extracts ; but must confine ourselves to one.

“ Truths must not only be taught to the pupils, but they must be *fixed*, and *made familiar*. This is the point which seems to be very generally overlooked.

“ ‘ Can you say the Multiplication Table ? ’ said a teacher, to a boy, who was standing before him, in his class.

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ Well, I should like to have you say the line beginning nine times one.’

“ ‘ The boy repeated it slowly, but correctly.

“ ‘ Now I should like to have you try again, and I will, at the same time, say another line, to see if I can put you out.’

“ ‘ The boy looked surprised. The idea of his teacher’s trying to perplex and embarrass him, was entirely new.

“ ‘ You must not be afraid,’ said the teacher ; ‘ you will undoubtedly not succeed in getting through, but you will not be to blame for the failure. I only try it, as a sort of intellectual experiment.’

“ ‘ The boy accordingly began again, but was soon completely confused by the teacher’s accompaniment ; he stopped in the middle of the line saying,

“ ‘ I could say it, only you put me out.’

“ ‘ Well, now try to say the Alphabet, and let me see if I can put you out there.’

“ ‘ As might have been expected, the teacher failed. The boy went regularly onward to the end.

"'You see now,' said the teacher, to the class, which had witnessed the experiment, 'that this boy knows his Alphabet, in a different sense, from that in which he knows his Multiplication table. In the latter, his knowledge is only imperfectly his own; he can make use of it only under favorable circumstances. In the former it is entirely his own; circumstances have no control over him.'

"A child has a lesson in Latin Grammar to recite. She hesitates and stammers, miscalls the cases, and then corrects herself, and if she gets through at last, she considers herself as having recited well; and very many teachers would consider it well too. If she hesitates a little longer than usual, in trying to summon to her recollection a particular word, she says, perhaps, 'Don't tell me,' and if she happens at last to guess right, she takes her book with a countenance beaming with satisfaction.

"Suppose you had the care of an infant school,' might the instructor say to such a scholar, 'and were endeavoring to teach a little child to count, and she should recite her lesson to you in this way! "One, two, four, no, three; — one, two, three, — — stop, don't tell me, — five — no four — four, — five, — — — I shall think in a minute, — six — is that right? five, six," &c. Should you call that reciting well?'

"Nothing is more common than for pupils to say when they fail of reciting their lesson, that they could say it at their seats, but that they cannot now say it, before the class. When such a thing is said for the first time, it should not be severely reproved, because nine children in ten honestly think, that if the lesson was learned so that it could be recited anywhere, their duty is discharged. But it should be kindly, though distinctly explained to them, that, in the business of life, they must have their knowledge so much at command, that they can use it, at all times, and in all circumstances, or it will do them little good." pp. 99-101.

The chapter on *Moral Discipline* is a very rich one. It will be found of great service to those who feel, what many teachers however do not, that they may and ought to exercise a superintendence and exert an influence on the *character* of those committed to their charge. Its object is to "discuss the methods by which the teacher is to secure a moral ascendancy over his pupils, so that he may lead them to do what is right, and bring them back to duty when they do what is wrong." The tone and spirit of the whole may be best shown by quoting a passage.

"Awing the pupils, by showing them the consequences of doing wrong, should be very seldom resorted to. It is far better to allure them, by showing them the pleasures of doing right. Doing right is pleasant to every body, and no persons are so easily convinced of this, or rather so easily led to see it, as children. Now the true policy is, to let them experience the pleasure of doing their duty, and they will easily be allured to it." pp. 128.

"There should be a great difference made between the *measures you take*, to prevent wrong, and the *feelings of displeasure* against wrong, when it is done. The former should be strict, authoritative, unbending; the latter should be mild and gentle. Your measures, if uniform and systematic, will never give offence, however powerfully you may restrain and control. It is the morose look, the harsh expression, the tone of irritation and fretfulness, which is so unpopular in school. The sins of childhood, are by nine tenths of mankind enormously overrated, and perhaps none overrate them, more extravagantly, than teachers. We confound the trouble they give us, with their real moral turpitude, and measure the one by the other. Now if a fault prevails in school, one teacher will scold and fret himself about it, day after day, until his scholars are tired both of school and him: and yet he will *do* nothing effectual to remove it. Another will take efficient and decided measures, and yet say very little on the subject, and the whole evil will be removed, without suspending for a moment, the good humor, and pleasant feeling, which should prevail in school." p. 132.

We must pass the fifth chapter — on *Religious Influence*, with an equally brief notice. Mr Abbott rightly thinks that no education is complete until the character is brought under the control of religious truth; and shows that this may be done by kind and judicious management, without infringing on the obligation to forbear inculcating sectarian peculiarities. We see no cause to be other than satisfied with his views. Our readers may judge of them from the following citations.

"Children are not reached by formal exhortations; their hearts are touched and affected in other ways. Sometimes you must reprove, sometimes you must condemn. But indiscriminate and perpetual harangues about the guilt of impenitence, and earnest entreaties to begin a life of piety, only harden the hearts they are intended to soften, and consequently confirm those who hear them in the habits of sin." p. 174.

"Be very cautious how you bring in the awful sanctions of religion, to assist you directly, in the discipline of your school.

You will derive a most powerful indirect assistance, from the influence of religion in the little community which you govern. But this will be, through the prevalence of its spirit in the hearts of your pupils, and not from any assistance which you can usually derive from it, in managing particular cases of transgression." p. 183.

"But no clearness and faithfulness in religious teaching, will atone for the injury which a bad example will effect. Conduct speaks louder than words, and no persons are more shrewd than the young, to discover the hollowness of empty professions, and the heartlessness of mere pretended interest in their good." p. 186.

The seventh chapter contains much sensible advice to teachers, on devising improved methods of instruction; and the volume closes with *Reports of Cases*, "describing instances of good or bad management which the teacher can imitate or avoid." This is not the least valuable part of the book.

We have purposely refrained from entering into a discussion of the many important topics suggested by these volumes. Our object has been simply to give some idea of their character and contents, and to draw attention to them as works of more than ordinary interest and value. Having done this, our duty is performed; — excepting to remark, that "The Teacher" is printed with an inaccuracy which is disgraceful at the present day. What right has any press to send forth a respectable and useful book with such errors as these, frequently occurring? We give a small part of what we have observed. *Escure*, *exectuted*, *peculir*, *chidhood*, *my for by*, *read for road*, *be for by*, besides numerous errors in punctuation. What is to be made of cases like the following? "Let them understand, that you know it is difficult, — but that *if* they have your sympathy and encouragement, in the efforts which it calls them to make." Here the paragraph ends. — "Does the sun — pass over the Rocky Mountains *us over us*, first?" — "The business ended here, and it *put to a stop*, a final *stop* to all malicious tricks in the school." We know it is not easy to be immaculate; but such *macule* as these are insufferable.

ART. V. — *Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique, translated from the Spanish ; with an Introductory Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain.* By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Bowdoin College. Boston : Allen & Ticknor. 1833.

WHOEVER promotes the reading of Spanish in our community, does a good service. We should be glad to see this majestic language taking a similar rank in the United States, to that which the French occupies in Europe. Chateaubriand remarks, that his countrymen, not caring to learn the various tongues of Europe, compelled all the other nations to speak French ; so that wherever they go, they have no difficulty in making themselves understood ; or, in plain English, they crammed French down the throats of the Dutchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, and Spaniards, with the points of their bayonets. The boast is somewhat haughty, but it is true. Those great pedagogues, Louis XIV. and Napoleon, were the most successful teachers of a modern language we ever heard of, and gave a practical illustration of the effects produced when the "schoolmaster is abroad," which Lord Brougham probably never dreamed of. John Bull was the most refractory scholar, but even he was obliged, in a degree, to bend his surly voice to the articulation of Gallic accents ; and now, throughout civilized Europe, it is not so much a merit to know French, as a disgrace not to know it.

We wish the same general knowledge of Spanish existed here. In every point of view, an acquaintance with this language is important to our citizens. Our relations with Spain and her provinces are already extensive, and are becoming more so ; Spanish and English, the noblest of modern tongues, divide our continent, and every enlightened American ought to be familiar with both. Spanish literature is rich enough to repay the student amply for the trouble of acquiring the language. The early drama may be compared with *Æschylus* and *Shakspeare* for originality and pathos, and the romance is unrivalled in its kind. There is a depth of feeling and a sincerity in these productions, which the circumstances of the country could

alone have inspired. On the soil of Spain, the battle was fought for Christ and Mahomet ; here the contending sides advanced their outposts ; and here the momentous question was decided, whether the cross or the crescent should preside over Europe. The life of the Spanish knight then seemed invested with a holiness which was not attained even by the most devoted crusader. He went on no pilgrimage to distant lands, there to gather laurels, and soon return to a peaceful home ; but he was born and nourished on the very battle field ; the din of war was the first sound that saluted him, and the last that lingered on his ear ; and he armed himself for a contest, from which he knew there was no rest but death. Spanish thus became the language of chivalry. It will become the language of freedom ; and we look forward with bright anticipations to the literature which will spring up on the free soil, and under the happy skies of Spanish America.

We wish that an intercourse with our Spanish neighbors might be cultivated by our travellers, as well as merchants, for they possess much that is worthy of notice. Our wealthy citizens, who spend their summers in journeying over the wide lands of the United States, seem to be ignorant of the comforts to be obtained by a short winter's voyage. While they are shivering over the fire in our frightful January or February days, they should remember that within seven or eight days' sail from New York, there is a land where eternal summer reigns, where the balmy gales come loaded with the perfume of the rose, the geranium and the orange ; where the dance and the song echo through the halls of frescoed palaces, and the carnival masquer trips it as merrily as did of yore the cavalier in light-hearted Venice ; where the Catholic church displays her ritual, and the representative of a monarch holds his glittering court. If the Spanish language were better and more generally known in this country, a greater number of our citizens would, we think, fly from our severe winters to the queen of islands, the gay and lovely Cuba.

The work before us is well fitted to promote a taste for Spanish literature. The selections are principally from the writings of Don Jorge Manrique, a cavalier, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and consist of the lament composed on the death of his father, and a few son-

nets, of a moral and religious cast, by other writers. These are preceded by a preface and introductory essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain, by the translator, which are too interesting to be passed by unnoticed. In the preface, he remarks that,

"The great art of translating well lies in the power of rendering literally the words of a foreign author, while at the same time we preserve the spirit of the original. But how far one of these requisites of a good translation may be sacrificed to the other — how far a translator is at liberty to embellish the original before him, while clothing it in a new language, is a question, which has been decided differently by persons of different tastes. The sculptor, when he transfers to the inanimate marble the form and features of a living being, may be said not only to copy, but to translate. But the sculptor cannot represent in marble the beauty and expression of the human eye; and in order to remedy this defect as far as possible, he is forced to transgress the rigid truth of nature. By sinking the eye deeper, and making the brow more prominent above it, he produces a stronger light and shade, and thus gives to the statue more of the spirit and life of the original, than he could have done by an exact copy. So, too, the translator. As there are certain beauties of thought and expression in a good original, which cannot be fully represented in the less flexible material of another language, he, too, at times, may be permitted to transgress the rigid truth of language, and remedy the defect, as far as such a defect can be remedied, by slight and judicious embellishments." pp. iii., iv.

This rule is very good, if judiciously observed; but it is extremely apt to lead the translator into unfortunate mistakes, as we may see in some of Pope's works. Who would be willing, for instance, to form a judgment of Homer from Pope's translation? A writer who thus endeavors to improve upon an original which has never been equalled, deserves as much reproach as the savage who would paint the Venus or Apollo. The translator has in no case a right to urge that the original may be improved; and it should never be his object. It is his duty to convey to the reader the same idea that is presented by the original, and to excite in the mind the same emotions as those called forth by the work which he translates. When a literal translation fails to do this, it must be abandoned, but then only; and even then, nothing should be added to the original idea.



We shall presently see how far Mr Longfellow has followed this rule in the present work.

The introductory essay contains a concise history, with specimens, of the moral and devotional poetry of Spain, with various remarks upon its characteristics, and upon the effect of visible representations on religious feeling. The whole is written in a highly interesting manner, and is evidently the production of a scholar thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and deeply interested in it.

He observes, that in moral poetry, the distinctions of nationality are lost in the "universal christian character; but this is not the case with religious poetry; here the peculiarities of faith will be deeply impressed."

"Now Spain is by preëminence the Catholic land of Christendom. Most of her historic recollections are more or less intimately associated with the triumphs of the Christian faith; and many of her warriors,—of her best and bravest,—were martyrs in the holy cause, perishing in that war of centuries, which was carried on within her own territories between the crescent of Mahomet and the cross of Christ. Indeed, the whole tissue of her history is interwoven with miraculous tradition. The intervention of her patron saint has saved her honor in more than one dangerous pass; and the war-shout of *Santiago, y cierra España!* has worked like a charm upon the wavering spirit of the soldier. A reliance on the guardian ministry of the saints pervades the whole people, and devotional offerings for signal preservation in times of danger and distress, cover the consecrated walls of churches. An enthusiasm of religious feeling, and of external, ritual observances, prevails throughout the land. But more particularly is the name of the Virgin honored and adored. *Ave Maria* is the salutation of peace at the friendly threshold, and the God-speed to the wayfarer. It is the evening orison when the toils of day are done; and at midnight it echoes along the solitary street in the voice of the watchman's cry.

"These and similar peculiarities of religious faith are breathing and moving through a large portion of the devotional poetry of Spain." pp. 2, 3.

After citing two ballads of some length from the writings of Gonzalvo de Berceo, he proceeds to speak of the effect of painting and sculpture on religion. He describes their different influence upon the enlightened and upon the superstitious mind, the one very favorable, the other quite the contrary.

"The reason of this," he says, "is obvious. An enlightened mind beholds all things in their just proportions, and receives from them the true impression they are calculated to convey. It is not hook-winked, — it is not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence; but it walks abroad; the sunshine and the air pour in to enlighten and expand it; the various works of Nature are its ministering angels; — the glad recipient of light and wisdom, it develops new powers and acquires increased capacities, and thus rendering itself less subject to error, assumes a nearer similitude to the Eternal Mind. But not so the dark and superstitious mind. It is filled with its own antique and mouldy furniture, — the moth-eaten tome, — the gloomy tapestry, — the dusty curtain. The straggling sunbeam from without streams through the stained window, and as it enters assumes the colors of the painted glass; — while the half-extinguished fire within, now smouldering in its ashes, and now shooting forth a quivering flame, casts fantastic shadows through the chambers of the soul. Within the spirit sits, lost in its own abstractions. The voice of nature from without is hardly audible; her beauties are unseen, or seen only in shadowy forms, through a colored medium, and with a strained and distorted vision. The invigorating air does not enter that mysterious chamber; it visits not that lonely inmate, who, breathing only a close exhausted atmosphere, exhibits in the languid frame and feverish pulse, the marks of lingering, incurable disease. The picture is not too strongly sketched; — such is the contrast between the free and the superstitious mind. Upon the latter, which has little power over its ideas, — to generalize them, — to place them in their proper light and position, — to reason upon, to discriminate, to judge them in detail, — and thus to arrive at just conclusions, but on the contrary receives every crude and inadequate impression as it first presents itself, and treasures it up as an ultimate fact, — upon such a mind, we think that representations of Scripture scenes, like those mentioned above, exercise an unfavorable influence. Such a mind cannot rightly estimate, — it cannot feel the work of a master, and a miserable daub, or a still more miserable caricature carved in wood, will serve only to increase the burden which weighs the spirit down to earth. Thus in the unenlightened mind, these representations have a tendency to sensualize and desecrate the character of holy things. Being brought constantly before the eye, and represented in a real and palpable form to the external senses, they lose, by being made too familiar, that peculiar sanctity, with which the mind naturally invests the unseen and invisible." pp. 14, 15.

These descriptions are beautiful; and every one who has witnessed the vulgar superstitions of Catholic countries, will acknowledge their truth. It is indeed mournful to see the ignorant and benighted peasant kissing with devout adoration a brass crucifix fastened into the wall at the corner of the street, or wearing away with his lips the feet of some statue, because the Pope has called it holy; yet we respect the feeling which prompts him to this, for we discover in it one of the great secrets of the spread of Christianity. The type of all visible representations in religion was Christ himself. Upon this subject, an elegant writer remarks; "God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception: but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before the Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty Legions were humbled in the dust." The Catholic church sought to transmit these feelings by representations of him who had once appeared upon earth; and in this we find the great source of her power. We may perhaps, at this day, mourn over the effects of this power; but we are strongly inclined to believe that the original spread of Christianity throughout Europe is due, in no small degree, to the visible representations of the Catholics.

Our author speaks next of the devotional poetry of Spain considered apart from the peculiarities of faith.

"I know of nothing," "he says, "in any modern tongue so beautiful, as some of its finest passages. The thought springs heavenward from the soul, — the language comes burning from the lip. The imagination of the poet seems spiritualized; with nothing of earth and all of Heaven; — a Heaven, like that of his own native clime, without a cloud, or a vapor of earth, to obscure its brightness. His voice, speaking the harmonious accents of that noble tongue, seems to flow from the lips of an angel, — melodious to the ear, and to the internal sense, — breathing those

'Effectual whispers, whose still voice  
The soul itself feels more than hears.' " p. 23.

Of the poetry, the principal piece is that composed by Manrique on the death of his father. The burden of the song is the transitoriness and vanity of all earthly things, and the certain coming of death. It begins thus :

“ O let the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake,  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently !  
Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs ;  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not, but the past — the past —  
More highly prize.

“ Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done ; —  
And did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.  
Let no one fondly dream again  
That Hope with all her shadowy train  
Will not decay ;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
They pass away.” pp. 31-33.

The recollection of his father's death comes over him sadly, in the midst of these reflections, and he breaks out into the following strain of mourning.

“ O world ! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed !  
But O, thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.  
Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom ;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

“ Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair,

Midway so many toils appear,  
 That he who lingers longest here  
 Knows most of care.  
 Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
 And weary hearts ;  
 Fleet-footed is the approach of wo,  
 But with a lingering step, and slow,  
 Its form departs.

“ And he, the goodman’s shield and shade,  
 To whom all hearts their homage paid,  
 As virtue’s son, —  
 Roderick Manrique, — he whose name  
 Is written on the scroll of fame  
 Spain’s champion ;  
 His signal deeds and prowess high  
 Demand no pompous eulogy, —  
 Ye saw his deeds !  
 Why should their praise in verse be sung ?  
 The name that dwells on every tongue  
 No minstrel needs.”

pp. 56, 57.

Then follows a somewhat elaborate eulogy upon the deceased knight, with an account of his death : and the poem closes as follows :

“ As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
 Without one gathering mist or shade  
 Upon his mind,  
 Encircled by his family,  
 Watched by affection’s gentle eye,  
 So soft and kind,  
 His soul to Him, who gave it, rose ; —  
 God lead it to its long repose,  
 Its glorious rest !  
 And though the warrior’s sun has set,  
 Its light shall linger round us yet,  
 Bright, radiant, blest.”

p. 73.

We have thus far cited only the translation, because, though in general it is sufficiently literal, it is independently an elegant poem, free from the shackles of foreign idiom, and not requiring the presence of the original to explain, or apologize for it ; yet, if we had room, we should be glad to quote more largely from the Spanish. There is a simplicity and dignity in the stanzas of the knight, which remind us of

the elder English writers, and bear no small resemblance to the style of the Psalms. It is in this point, we think, that the translation fails most ; it does not give a sufficient idea of the stern simplicity and unaffected pathos of the original : it is too much modernized. The poetry of the Spaniard carries us back to the days of chivalry, the tournament, the camp, the battle ; — the translation is the language of modern society. The former becomes the knight of the fifteenth century, — the latter flows gracefully from the lips of an elegant scholar of the present day. The one might be inscribed on the monument which supports the mailed form of the departed warrior ; the other should be found on the shaft or the obelisk of Père la Chaise, or Mount Auburn.

We will, however, that the reader may better judge of this matter, and of the general merits of the translation, give a few detached portions of the original, with a strictly literal version. We select at hazard.

## V.

Este mundo es el camino	This world is the road	This world is but the rag- ged road
Para el otro que es morada	To the other which is an abode	Which leads us to the bright abode
Sin pesar ;	Without sorrow.	Of peace above ;
Mas cumple tener buen tino,	To have good judgment aids	So let us choose that narrow way,
Para andar esta jornada	To go this journey	Which leads no traveller's foot astray
Sin errar.	Without erring ;	From realms of love.
Partimos quando nascemos,	We start when we are born,	Our cradle is the starting- place,
Andamos mientras vivimos,	We go on while we live,	In life we run the onward race,
Y allegamos	And arrive	And reach the goal,
Al tiempo, que fenescemos ;	At the time when life closes ;	When in the mansions of the blest
Asi que quando morimos,	So that when we die	Death leaves to its eternal rest
Descansamos.	We are at rest.	The weary soul.

## XIX.

Las dádivas desmedidas,	The gifts unmeasured,	The countless gifts, — the stately walls, —
Los edificios reales	The royal edifices	The royal palaces, and halls
Llenos de oro,	Full of gold,	All filled with gold ;
Las vajillas tan febridias,	The plate so brilliant,	Plate, with armorial bear- ings wrought,
Los Henríques y reales	The Henrys* and the rials*	Chambers with ample trea- sures fraught
Del tesoro,	Of the treasure,	Of wealth untold ;
Los jaeces y caballos	The harnesses and steeds	The noble steeds, and har- ness bright,
De su gente y atavios,	Of his followers, and orna- ments	And gallant lord, and stal- wart knight,

\* Spanish coins.

Tan sobrados,	So rich,	In rich array,—
¿ Donde iremos á buscallos ?	Where shall we go to seek them ?	Where shall we seek them now ? Alas !
¿ Qué fuéron sino rocíos	What were they but dew	Like the bright dew-drops on the grass
De los prados ?	Of the meadows ?	They passed away.

## XXI.

Pues aquel gran Condestable,	Then that great Constable,	Spain's haughty Constable,— the great
Maestre que conocimos	Master that we knew	And gallant Master,— cruel fate
Tan privado	So bereaved,	Stripped him of all.
No cumple que del se hable,	Needs not that we speak of him,	Breathe not a whisper of his pride,—
Sino solo que lo vimos	Save only that we saw him	He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Degollado.	Beheaded.	Ignoble fall !
Sus infinitos tesoros,	His boundless treasures,	The countless treasures of his care,
Sus villas y sus lugares,	His villas and his places	Hamlets and villas green and fair,
Y su mandar	And his domain.	His mighty power,—
¿ Qué le fueron sino lloros,	What were they to him but tears ?	What were they all but grief and shame,
Qué fuéron, sino pesares	What were they but sorrows,	Tears and a broken heart,— when came
Al dexar ?	At leaving ?	The parting hour ?

Thus much for Manrique. The minor poems are by different authors, and some of them surpassingly beautiful. We would recommend to particular notice the sonnet by Francisco de Aldana.

## "EL PATRIO CIELO.

" ; Clara fuente de luz ! ; nuevo y hermoso  
 Rico de luminarias, patrio cielo !  
 ; Casa de la verdad, sin sombra ó velo,  
 De inteligencias ledo almo reposo !  
 ; O como allá te estás, cuerpo glorioso,  
 Tan lejos del mortal caduco anhelo.  
 Casi un Argos divino, alzado á vuelo  
 De nuestro humano error libre y piadoso.  
 ; O patria amada ! á tí sospira y llora  
 Esta en su cárcel alma peregrina,  
 Llevada errando de uno en otro instante.  
 Esa cierta beldad que me enamora  
 Suerte y sazón me otorgue tan benina  
 Que do sube el amor llegue el amante."

## "THE NATIVE LAND ON HIGH.

" Clear fount of light ! my native land on high,  
 Bright with a glory that shall never fade !  
 Mansion of truth ! — without a veil or shade,  
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;



But, sentinelled in Heaven, its glorious presence  
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.  
 Beloved country! — banished from thy shore,  
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!  
 Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,  
 That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.”  
 pp. 80, 81.

The address to a brook, by an anonymous writer, possesses an unrivalled sweetness.

“A UN ARROYUELO.

“ ¡ Risa del monte, de las aves lira!  
 ¡ Pompa del prado, espejo de la aurora!  
 ¡ Alma de Abril, espíritu de Flora,  
 Por quien la rosa y el jazmín espira!  
 Aunque tu curso en cuantos pasos gira  
 Tanta jurisdicción argenta y dora,  
 Tu clara proceder mas me enamora  
 Que lo que en tí cada pastor admira.  
 ¡ Cuan sin engaño tus entrañas puras  
 Dejan por transparente vidriera  
 Las guijuelas al número patentes!  
 ¡ Cuan sin malicia cándida murmuras!  
 O sencillez de aquella edad primera,  
 Huyes del hombre y vives en las fuentes.”

“TO A BROOK.

“ Laugh of the mountain! Lyre of bird and tree!  
 Mirror of morn, and garniture of fields!  
 The soul of April, that so gently yields  
 The rose and jasmin bloom, leaps wild in thee!  
 Although where'er thy devious current strays  
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,  
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems,  
 Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.  
 How without guile thy bosom all transparent,  
 Through its pure crystal lets the curious eye  
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth round pebbles count.  
 How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!  
 O, sweet simplicity of days gone by,  
 Thou shunnest the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount.”  
 pp. 88, 89.

We must close our remarks with the expression of our thanks to Professor Longfellow, for this interesting volume; and we take leave of him with the hope that we may soon meet him again, — and in as good company.

ART. VI.—*Last Thoughts on Important Subjects*. By N. WORCESTER, D. D. Cambridge: Brown, Shattuck & Co. 1833. 12mo. pp. 323.

THIS little volume, with its modest and touching title, is a valuable legacy from the venerable advocate of Pacific Principles, and affords a striking example of the efficacy of those principles on the temper of the writer. These pages prove that opinions on controversial subjects of theology, may be set forth and maintained, and the contrary opinions opposed, in the true spirit of love and meekness.

Dr Worcester has here called in question some of the leading doctrines of Calvinism; but he has approached the subject with so much gentleness and fairness, and has shown so much candor and respect for the defenders of those doctrines, that his book may be read without rousing that lion-spirit of controversy, which has so often appeared in our land. The simple account which the author gives of the manner in which certain views dawned upon his mind, is a strong proof of his disinterested and ardent pursuit of truth for its own sake.

The volume which Dr Worcester has now given to the world as his "last thoughts," is a collection of papers written at different times, and intended for separate publications, but here printed together, and divided into three parts. The first is on "Man's Liability to Sin;" the second contains "Supplemental Illustrations;" and the third is on "Man's Capacity to Obey." Having been, as he informs us, for a great many years perplexed and troubled by the difficulty of reconciling the Hopkinsian idea of an "established connexion" between the sin of Adam and the first moral exercises of his posterity, with the goodness of God as moral governor of the world, he made it a constant subject of study and devout meditation. After a long and careful examination of the Bible, he became convinced that the "established connexion" was not taught there; that the Messiah never alluded to the sin of Adam in any of his discourses; that Paul was the only inspired writer who has mentioned the moral consequences of Adam's sin, and that his allusion to it has been misunderstood. But after obtaining much satisfaction on these and other points, "the ques-

tion," to use his own words, "still occurred, how could it be consistent with divine goodness that all the posterity of Adam should be subject to such a state of liability to sin, as is witnessed in every quarter of the world?" He continued to be embarrassed by this difficulty till 1830, when he arrived at a satisfactory solution of the matter, which he thus describes :

"While intensely pursuing the inquiry, with ardent desires for light, the following questions occurred with the suddenness of lightning : 'Does not liability to sin result from the kindness of God — the numerous favors which he bestows upon us, and not from his displeasure ? And on due inquiry will not this be found to be the fact, as the Atoning Sacrifice was found to be a 'display of love, not of wrath' ?

"These questions occurred in such a manner, and with what appeared to me such a divine light, that I could not but regard them as the suggestions of the Divine Spirit — the Comforter which was promised by Christ to *teach us all things*. I had little time for reflection before a new, spacious and delightful field of contemplation and inquiry was opened to my view, which I have endeavored to portray in the following chapters. Immediately I took my pen to sketch the thoughts that had occurred, that nothing might be lost ; and I wrote with such freedom and delight as I had seldom before experienced. I seemed to myself to have entered a new world of thought and reflection. At every advancing step, the character of God, like the path of the just, seemed to shine brighter and brighter ; and the guilt and inexcusableness of sin was more and more manifest." pp. 6, 7.

Having thus escaped from the influence of opinions which had troubled his mind for more than forty years, he naturally manifests a strong desire to impart to others the views which have brought so much peace and satisfaction to his own soul. He does not appear to be swayed by the feelings of a sect or party, by a desire of building up a certain system of faith ; he simply sets before others the solution of a difficulty, under which he had long and painfully labored. In explaining his own views, he is led, indeed, to show how much more consistent they are, in his estimation, with the known character of God, and the known phenomena of the human mind, than the popular creed which he once held ; but though he speaks feelingly of the inconsistencies in which he thinks that creed is involved, he does not reject it with contempt,

or treat its adherents with disrespect or ridicule. That he is not insensible to the odium to which he exposes himself, by this renunciation of a popular doctrine, may be seen by the following extract :

"Were it not for a strong belief that the views I have given of man's liability to sin, are both true and important, there surely are circumstances which would induce me to suppress what I have written.

"I am now old, and on the verge of death. I must therefore be hardened in iniquity to write anything at this period of my life, which, in my own view of it, would in the least endanger the welfare of my posterity, or any portion of the human race. Besides, I have probably as much regard for my own character, as any Christian can safely possess, and as great a reluctance to being the object of public clamor and reproach. Yet I am well aware that some of the views I have expressed, are repugnant to the opinions which have long been popular ; and I am not sure that they will be found accordant with the creed of any one sect of Christians. Unless, therefore, they should commend themselves to the minds of good people by their obvious accordance with the amiable character which God has given of himself, I must expect that the tongues and the pens of many persons will be employed, not merely to correct my supposed errors, but to blacken my character as an apostate from the truth. This indeed is not a Christian mode of proceeding ; but it has had the sanction of many scribes and pharisees, from the days of the Messiah's ministry to the present time." pp. 8, 9.

That man's liability to sin is a necessary consequence of his being so variously and richly endowed with physical and mental powers, is the doctrine set forth in the first part of this book, and it is explained and illustrated in a very lucid and popular manner. In the second part are considered the various modifications of the doctrine of original sin, as held by different leaders of Calvinistic sects. Dr Worcester points out the changes that have taken place since the days of the Westminster Assembly, and shows that the difficulties attendant on each of the popular hypotheses, have led men of sound sense and learning to shift their ground, and try to establish themselves on a more rational and consistent foundation. This gradual change of opinion among professed Calvinists, together with the alleged inconsistencies to which their favorite doctrines lead, induces Dr Worcester to hope,

that they will in due time renounce their present hypotheses, as they have their former ones, and be at last prepared to receive the doctrine of moral evil as it presents itself to his own mind, and as he now offers it to their consideration in all love and meekness.

There is frequent mention made in this work of the ill effects which the popular theories of human depravity produce on children, and on no subject is the pathos and earnestness of the writer more fully manifested. He appears to have a delicate perception of the beauty and sacredness of childhood, and his observations on the importance of right views of man's liability to sin, in regard to the work of education, are full of truth and feeling. We quote one passage from among many of equal interest.

"This hypothesis, [namely, 'man's liability to sin is not the effect of God's displeasure, but of his benignity'] opens a field of delightful prospects in regard to what may be effected by religious education. It exhibits the minds of little children as important tracts of *new-made* land, designed for cultivation — in which wheat or tares, or both together, may be sown with expectation that the harvest will accord with the quality of the seed, the manner of sowing, and the care bestowed in cultivating and fencing these little gardens of the Lord, which are commonly committed to the superintendence of parents. Among the good seeds to be sown in their minds, as soon as they are capable of receiving them, are those truths which relate to their liability to sin, in abusing the favors which God bestowed on them in their formation, and other favors with which they are daily surrounded. The favors of God are innumerable; and with what ideas of a religious character can the minds of children be more usefully stored, than with such as may tend to impress them with a sense of the goodness of God to them and to all his creatures. But if children were formed with a nature wholly sinful, the best of seed might be sown in their minds with as little probability of success, as there would be in sowing wheat in a hot furnace." pp. 100, 101.

The third part of this work treats of "Man's Capacity to Obey;" it is consistent with dependence, and commensurate with duty. Dr Worcester believes that there is a prevalent impression in our community, that man's capacity to obey is not commensurate with his duty, and he points out the causes which have led to this impression, and the pernicious

tendency of it, with as much force as is consistent with the gentleness of his spirit. His own view of the subject is set forth in a very pleasing and popular manner, in a short chapter, entitled—"The Revealed Principle in Divine Government." We quote the following paragraph :

"In my opinion, all the faculties and properties of every kind which are necessary to constitute a capacity to obey, are of God ; and may properly be said to be the work of his spirit. As by his spirit he garnished the heavens, so by the same spirit he garnishes the minds of men, with all their apparatus for free agency and moral obedience. But the great principle of equity covers the whole ground of dependence, as it shows that no more is required than according to what is given. God does not hold us responsible for favors which he denies ; but for such and such only as he causes us actually to possess. I cannot believe that he requires of any man today, the *present* exercise or employment of such aid as he withholds till tomorrow, and may never bestow. To ascribe to God the exercise of such a kind of sovereignty as this, seems to me in a high degree reproachful to his character." p. 294.

Some readers may perhaps be disappointed at not finding in this book a more learned and logical discussion of the important topics of which it treats ; they may discover in it some unnecessary repetitions, and something of a desultory character here and there, which they may think unsuited to the subject ; but such is the excellent spirit of the book, and such the popular manner in which it deals with theological matters, that we cannot very deeply regret any occasional blemishes of this kind. There is a freshness about it, a constant indication of the author's ownership, which gives it a peculiar charm.

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ART. VII.—*Rambles of a Naturalist*. By JOHN D. GODMAN, M. D. To which are added, *Reminiscences of a Voyage to India*. By REYNELL COATES, M. D. Philadelphia : Thomas T. Ash—Key & Biddle. 1833. 12mo. pp. 151.

THE Essays, which compose the first and principal part of this little volume, are the last literary efforts of a man of genius, brought to an untimely grave by severe and inces-

sant toil. They come to us from his sick-chamber, — from his very death-bed ; for they were written in the last stages of a lingering disease, to support a family, dependent upon his exertions, and, we had almost said, to defray his own funeral expenses. "I have had my family to support," says the author in one of his letters, "and have done so merely by my pen. This you may suppose severe enough for one in my condition ; nevertheless, necessity is a ruthless master." In fact, this series of essays was cut short by his death.

Dr Godman, the well known author of the *American Natural History*, was born at Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, in the year 1794. He lost his parents in early life, and at the age of sixteen, was apprenticed to the printer of a newspaper in Baltimore. Even at this early age, the disease, of which he died, seems to have commenced its inroads upon his system, for in a letter to a friend, he says, "The disease, for which I mentioned a recipe in my last, has commenced its direful effects upon my poor body. A continued pain in my breast, and at night a slow but burning fever, convince me that I am travelling down a much frequented road to the place where disease has no effect. This, my friend, is no phantasy. I do not say it from affectation. I feel it. I cannot believe in this disease being contagious, or I should be certain that I have caught it. I sleep with a youth who was born with it, and has it fully."

In 1815, he commenced the study of medicine, under the care of his friend, Dr Luckey ; and afterwards became a pupil of Dr Hall, in Baltimore. In the course of the ensuing year, he was obliged to suspend his studies for a while, from pecuniary difficulties, at which time he writes thus despondingly to Dr Luckey: "Let me now give you a retrospect of 'the days of my life.' Since I have returned from you, I have discovered my *real* age in an old book of my father's, and (you would hardly suppose it) I was twentyone years old the 20th day of December, 1815. Before I was two years old, I was motherless — before I was five years old, I was fatherless and friendless — I have been cast among strangers — I have been deprived of property by *fraud*, that was mine by right — I have eaten the bread of misery — I have drank the cup of sorrow — I have passed



the flower of my days in a state little better than slavery, and have arrived—at what? Manhood, poverty, and desolation. Heavenly parent, teach me patience and resignation to thy will.”

In 1818, he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine in the Medical School of Baltimore, and commenced the practice of his profession in the village of New Holland, on the banks of the Susquehanna; from which place, after a residence of a few months, he removed to Patapsco, near Baltimore. In 1821, he was appointed to fill the chair of surgery in the Medical College of Ohio, and took up his residence in Cincinnati, where he remained but a single year. On his return to Philadelphia, he began to lecture on Anatomy and Physiology, and was made one of the editors of the *Philadelphia Journal of Medical Sciences*. He also became a contributor to the *American Quarterly Review*, and translated various papers and treatises from the Latin, French, and German languages; among which may be mentioned Lavoisier's Narrative of La Fayette's Visit to the United States.

In 1826, he became the associate of Drs Mott and Hosack, in Rutgers' College, New York, and while assiduously occupied in discharging his professional duties in that city, he was seized with the disease of the lungs, of which he finally died. In consequence of this attack, he was obliged to escape from the climate of New York, and made a voyage to the West Indies, where he passed the spring of 1828. On his return, he took a house in Germantown, where he resided until his death, in 1830.

We have given this rapid sketch of Dr Godman's life, because we think that the circumstances of his early history will be new to the greater part of our readers, and that the circumstances under which the little book before us was written, will add fresh interest to its pages. We understand that the essays composing it have been collected and republished in this form for the benefit of his widow; and we sincerely hope that she may reap much benefit from a work, which must be associated in her mind with so many painful recollections; though such is the rush and jostle of books in the literary mart at the present day, that the modest claims of the widow and the fatherless may long pass unheeded.

An interesting memoir of Dr Godman is prefixed to the "Rambles of a Naturalist." The pieces thus entitled are not intended to afford any systematic instruction in natural science. They convey knowledge of this kind only as occasion offered it to the author, who tells us it had always been his habit to embrace every opportunity of increasing his knowledge and pleasures by actual observation. Thus, upon the Patapsco, in Maryland, which was one of the places of his sojourn, and of the scenes of his observation, after speaking of the beauties of the place, he adds: "Of books I possessed very few, and those exclusively professional [Medical]; but in this beautiful expanse of sparkling water, I had a book open before me, which a life time would scarcely enable me to read through." Here he took minute notice of the crustaceous tribes that inhabited the shores, and thence he wanders to the woods, of which he describes the various growth and the winged tenants; and everywhere he traces the marks of design, in the works of nature, to the "Author of Nature," the "Almighty Cause," the "Beneficence of the Great Creator."

The style of these essays is very simple and unpretending. The following extract is a specimen:

"Before dismissing the crabs, I must mention one which was a source of much annoyance to me at first, and of considerable interest afterwards, from the observation of its habits. At that time I resided in a house delightfully situated about two hundred yards from the sea, fronting the setting sun, having in clear weather the lofty mountains of Porto Rico, distant about eighty miles, in view. Like most of the houses in the island, ours had seen better days, as was evident from various breaks in the floors, angles rotted off the doors, sunken sills, and other indications of decay. Our sleeping room, which was on the lower floor, was especially in this condition; but as the weather was delightfully warm, a few cracks and openings, though rather large, did not threaten much inconvenience. Our bed was provided with that indispensable accompaniment, a musquito bar or curtain, to which we were indebted for escape from various annoyances. Scarcely had we extinguished the light, and composed ourselves to rest, than we heard, in various parts of the room, the most startling noises. It appeared as if numerous hard and heavy bodies were trailed along the floor; then they sounded as if climbing up by the chairs and other furniture, and frequently something like a large stone would tumble down from such elevations with a loud noise, fol-

lowed by a peculiar chirping note. What an effect this produced upon entirely inexperienced strangers, may well be imagined by those who have been suddenly waked up in the dark, by some unaccountable noise in the room. Finally, these invaders began to ascend the bed; but happily the musquito bar was securely tucked under the bed all around, and they were denied access, though their efforts and tumbles to the floor produced no very comfortable reflections. Towards daylight they began to retire, and in the morning no trace of any such visitants could be perceived. On mentioning our troubles, we were told that this nocturnal disturber was only Bernard the Hermit, called generally the soldier crab, perhaps from the peculiar habit he has of protecting his body by thrusting it into an empty shell, which he afterwards carries about, until he outgrows it, when it is relinquished for a larger. Not choosing to pass another night quite so noisily, due care was taken to exclude Monsieur Bernard, whose knockings were thenceforward confined to the outside of the house. I baited a large wire rat trap with some corn meal, and placed it outside of the back door, and in the morning, found it literally half filled with these crabs, from the largest sized shell that could enter the trap, down to such as were not larger than a hickory nut. Here was a fine collection made at once, affording a very considerable variety in the size and age of the specimens, and the different shells into which they had introduced themselves." pp. 89-91.

Dr Coates's Reminiscences of a Voyage to India, which form the second part of this interesting volume, are comprised in four short essays upon scientific subjects, connected with the mighty deep and its inhabitants. They are written in a sprightly and beautiful style, and cannot fail to please and to instruct the reader.

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ART. VIII. — *A new Translation of the Hebrew Prophets, arranged in Chronological Order.* By GEORGE R. NOYES. Vol. I. containing Joel, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah. Boston: Charles Bowen. 1833. 8vo. pp. 288.

MR NOYES is well known by those who have read his translation of the book of Job and of the Psalms, and who are capable of fully appreciating those works, as a very faithful and successful student of the sacred books of the Hebrews, in their original language, and well versed in the subsidiary learning, requisite for explaining the difficulties which the

common English reader everywhere meets with, in the Old Testament. But we fear that the number of persons who feel an interest in his labors is small. It may be the prevailing notion that his translations are intended specially for the learned; but it is not so. By the judicious use of his learning, the translator makes that intelligible, which was before obscure, and so arranges his work, as to give the reader an insight into the design of the several parts. Perhaps it is owing to the increasing neglect of the Old Testament, that so few have the curiosity to examine a new version of what they know so little about. Apart from these reasons, or combined with them, the prevailing prejudices against a new translation of the Bible may have no inconsiderable effect. But sure we are that every one who requires helps for the understanding of the Old Testament (and who does not?) will find himself greatly assisted by Mr Noyes's versions.

Let it not be said that Christians have little interest in the writings of the Old Testament; that they are wholly superseded by those of the New. They contain the histories of successive dispensations, which are constantly acknowledged and referred to by Christ and his apostles, and a sublime exhibition of the character and purposes and laws of God. Christ himself taught in the synagogues, and cited to the Jews their own scriptures. From whatever was burdensome in the *ritual* he indeed exonerated his followers; but the moral precepts and observances of the Jewish code he left unimpaired. It could not be otherwise, for they are as immutable as the Almighty Legislator, from whom they proceeded. Everywhere Christ expresses a deep concern for his own nation, to which he consecrated his personal labors; commending whatever was preserved pure in its religion, and reproofing everything hypocritical and exclusive. But considered merely as a matter of knowledge and taste, the writings of the Old Testament claim universal regard. We will confine our remarks on this topic to the Prophecies, to which our attention is directed by Mr Noyes's translation. Besides their prophetic character, in the restricted sense of the term, they contain much in common with all moral teaching, which proceeds from those who have a right to speak with authority. The Prophets speak as men inspired to warn and to instruct a wicked and degraded people, and to comfort and encourage them in case of reformation. And after denunciations of

impending wo, and desolation for guilt, and earnest exhortations intended to produce penitence, and trust in Jehovah, they generally conclude with an encouraging, sometimes with a triumphant exhibition of future deliverance and glory ; with an assurance that God will plead their cause, and raise his avenging arm, and finally redeem them.

We give the following examples from Mr Noyes's translation.

"Then shall ye know that I am Jehovah your God,  
Dwelling in Zion, my holy mountain ;  
And Jerusalem shall be holy ;  
Strangers shall pass through her no more.

"In that day shall the mountains drop down new wine,  
And the hills shall flow with milk,  
And all the streams of Judah shall flow with water.  
A fountain shall come forth from the house of Jehovah,  
That shall water the valley of Shittim.

"Egypt shall be a waste,  
And Edom a desolate wilderness,  
For their violence against the sons of Judah ;  
For they shed innocent blood in their land,  
But Judah shall be inhabited forever,  
And Jerusalem from generation to generation,  
And I will avenge their blood, which I have not avenged,  
And Jehovah will dwell upon Zion." Joel, iii. 17-21.

"Behold the days come, saith Jehovah,  
That the plougher shall draw near to the reaper,  
And the treader of grapes to the sower of the seed ;  
And the mountains shall drop new wine,  
And all the hills shall melt.  
I will bring back the captives of my people Israel,  
And they shall build the desolate cities, and shall inhabit them ;  
And they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine of them ;  
They shall also make gardens and eat their fruit.  
I will plant them in their land,  
And they shall no more be rooted up from the land, which I have given  
them,  
Saith Jehovah thy God." Amos, ix. 13-15.

"I will be as the dew to Israel ;  
He shall bloom as the lily,  
And strike his roots like Lebanon.  
His branches shall spread,  
And his beauty shall be as the olive-tree,  
And his fragrance as Lebanon.  
They that dwell under his shadow shall gather strength ;  
They shall revive as the corn ;

They shall shoot forth as the vine ;  
Their name shall be like the wine of Lebanon.  
Ephraim shall say, what have I more to do with idols ?  
I will hear him ; I will care for him ;  
I will be like a green olive-tree ;  
From me shall thy fruit be found."

Hosea, xiv. 5-8.

In this book a short moral lesson is subjoined to the promise of lasting favor :

" Who is wise, that he may understand these things ;  
Prudent that he may know them ?  
For the ways of Jehovah are right,  
And the righteous walk in them ;  
But in them transgressors stumble.

Hosea, xiv. 9.

We have selected from the close of these several books in the order in which they are arranged by Mr Noyes, who has placed them, according to the best authorities and evidence he could procure, in chronological succession, making the period of the prophetic writings commence, agreeably to the common opinion upon this subject, about eight hundred years before Christ.

In speaking of the results of his labors, in his preface, Mr Noyes says, " I may at least hope that my work will be acceptable to the lover of genuine poetry, if not to the theological inquirer." His translations thus far, have been confined to the poetical books. Job, on which he first tried his strength very skilfully, is eminently a poetical book ; and though not a regular drama, as some would prove it to be, it has much of dramatic interest and effect. The Psalms, which he next translated, of which there are versions in the languages of all Christian countries, are identified with our ideas of devotional poetry. And the prophetic writings, which every one must perceive, in our common translation, to be highly poetical both in language and thought, are made to manifest this character more strikingly by the arrangement—according to the constructive parts of the verse— which they assume in the work before us.

The poetry of the sacred writings of the Hebrews has much in common with that of oriental poetry in general. It is fertile in strong expressions reaching to bold hyperbole, in daring metaphors, in descriptions animated by the liveliest coloring. It is enlivened by frequent allusions to pastoral life, drawn either from the personal occupation or

the relative connexions of the authors. David, for example, was called from feeding his father's flocks, to receive the royal unction, and afterwards returned to his ordinary occupation. Amos, the second in the succession of prophets, according to Mr Noyes's arrangement, was "one of the shepherds of Tekoa," whose "prominent characteristic is what Campbell calls the circumstantial distinctness of his graphic touches." Thus it is that much of the good and the evil embraced in the moral descriptions of the Hebrew poets is illustrated from the like diversity in the experience of rustic life. But the agreeable predominates; and living under the influence of a genial climate, on a fertile soil, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and for the most part enjoying a pleasing, we had almost said a luxurious tranquillity, they could not fail to impart kindred qualities to their lyric, elegiac and prophetic productions. And if it be true that whatever delights the senses is beautiful in description, then we can nowhere find such a profusion of fine images as in oriental poetry. The verdure of Mount Carmel, the height and majestic groves of Lebanon, the vines of Engeddi, and the dew of Hermon — and in general the local scenery and local allusions, and illustrations from animated nature, scattered so richly and with so much profusion, give to the poetry of the Hebrews the peculiar charm of individuality, and decorate it with a drapery less adorned and splendid, indeed, than that of modern oriental poetry, but still highly beautiful and picturesque.

But we must leave this topic for our more appropriate business, namely, to inquire what Mr Noyes hopes to accomplish by a new translation of the prophets, and how far he has succeeded in this undertaking in the writings contained in this first volume.

After speaking of the feeble attempts which have been made by English theologians to explain the "design, meaning and application of the writings of the Hebrew prophets"; of the prevalent notion of what is called the double sense of prophecy; of the paramount importance, to him who seeks for light, of "studying the prophetic writings themselves, making use of those principles and helps of interpretation, which may be supposed to guide him to the meaning of other writings of similar antiquity"; and of commentaries on the Old Testament, — he proceeds to his remarks on the importance of a good translation, from which we make the following extracts:



"I believe that more may be done to make the sacred writings understood and respected, by a revised translation of them, than in any other single mode. I would by no means undervalue commentaries. Considerable portions of the Scriptures cannot be fully understood without their aid at the present day, however intelligible they may have been to the contemporaries of the writers. But for one reader of commentaries there are probably more than ten thousand, who read only the simple text of the scriptures. And those, who occasionally consult an exposition, ordinarily read their Bible without note or comment. When one goes to the sacred writings in order to find nourishment for his piety, and strength for his virtuous resolutions, it is an irksome interruption to be obliged to wade through pages of exposition in order to find the light and help, which he needs. Hence all possible light ought to be afforded by the translation itself. Now it is not too much to assert, that hundreds of passages in the common version, which are now misunderstood, or imperfectly understood, may be made intelligible by a new translation of only the particles which connect sentences together; to say nothing of the errors, which those sentences contain.

"A good translation is the legitimate expression and result of a great portion of philological investigation. Such a translation would make a considerable part of existing commentaries unnecessary, or transfer it to grammars and lexicons. No small portion of the labors of English commentators, from the time of the profoundly learned and judicious Pococke to the present day, has had for its object to show what the received translation ought to be. Now why not make it what it ought to be, and end the matter?" Preface, p. vii.

The question with which this extract closes, like very many questions, is more easily asked than answered. If learned commentators were sufficiently agreed to settle the reading and interpretation of those passages which occasion most difficulty, we should say let us have the results of their labors and "end the matter" at once. Ingenuity, however, will always be busy as well in criticism as in everything else; and scholiasts and commentators will have their tortuosities and gambols no less than their graver toils. Besides, the world has become so jealous of authorities, in all serious matters, that no body of men, much less any individual, will ever again be regarded as a tribunal competent to make a standard version of the Bible in the English language. Of the truth of this we are fully satisfied. And though we

sincerely wish it were otherwise, yet such being the case, all versions of the sacred books will be regarded only as helps for understanding the scriptures, and not as substitutes for the present version. A single sect or denomination may, if the business is undertaken with zeal, succeed in the introduction of a new translation, subject however to the charge of introducing a new Bible. This indeed will expose them to no bodily harm, in the present age; and to no other injury, if it be done with a good conscience. But whether under all the discouragements, it be worth the experiment, at a time when the world is full of pamphlets and books intended to explain all the difficulties in doctrines, in duties, and in the illustrations of the same, which are found in the Bible, is a question which deserves consideration.

Having said thus much upon the general merits of the case, we are free to declare that we regard Mr Noyes's translation of the Prophets, so far as it is published, no less than his version of Job and of the Psalms, as vastly preferable to the common version, and deserving all the confidence which competent learning, and critical labor, aided by good judgment and taste, can procure for his works. He has removed the obscurities which deface many passages in our English Bibles, and the unnecessary grossness of expression which are occasionally met with. And while he has changed some antiquated expressions, he has fallen into no affectations of modern refinement, and has not weakened the sentiment of the original writer. We have met with one word which may puzzle some of his readers. It is in the following verse: "Fornication and wine and *must* take away their understanding." Hosea iv. 11. The great mass of readers can make no sense of this. *Must*, as a noun signifying new wine, is not in common use; it is not even found in our manual English dictionaries, which are in general use, and therefore it should at least have been explained by a note.

Mr Noyes has sometimes translated significant proper names. We are pleased with this so far as he has ventured. Thus — "and God said, Call his name Not-my-people [Loammi]. For ye are not my people," &c. Hosea i. 9. "Call ye your brethren My-people [Ammi,] and your sisters Pitied [Ruhamah]." Hosea ii. 1. "Call his name Haste-to-the-prey, Speed-to-the-spoil [Maher-shalal-hash-baz]." For before the child shall learn to say, My father, and My mother, the

riches of Damascus, and the spoil of Samaria shall be borne away before the king of Assyria." Isaiah viii. 4.

The deviations from the common version are of less frequent occurrence in Mr Noyes's translation of the prophets, than in that of Job. He thus explains the fact :

"This happens, not from the slightest change of my views, nor, as I trust, from any relaxation of my labors ; but simply because the Book of Job was worse translated than any portion of the common version, and needed more alteration. In what I may be able to translate hereafter, I shall proceed upon the same principle, with which I commenced, viz. to spare no idea, which seems unauthorized by the original, and no expression, for which I can substitute a better." Preface, p. xi.

In another place he says,

"Those portions of the common version, which remain unaltered in mine, have, in proportion to their difficulty, been the subject of as extensive and laborious investigation, as those which have been altered. This fact deserves the attention of those, who object to new translations. The increased confidence, which they may place in those parts of the common version, which pass through the furnace of modern investigation unchanged, should compensate them for any supposed evils, connected with the alteration of other parts of it." Preface, pp. x. xi.

One of the greatest deviations from the common version is the following :

"It hath been thy destruction, O Israel,  
That against me, against thy help, thou hast rebelled !" Noyes.

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself ; but in me is thy help."  
Common version. Hosea xiii. 9.

Mr Noyes in a short note on the passage vindicating his translation, says, that it "requires only the supply of the finite verb," and that "the original will scarcely authorise" the rendering of the common version. He does not proceed to a critical examination of the text, this not coming within the design of his notes. Every one can see there is one difficulty at least, if he will take our word in the case, since the inseparable particle before *me* and *help* admits of being rendered either *by* or *against*. An example of the latter is found in Genesis xvi. 12. "His hand [will be] against every man." Here the verb is supplied in the translation, though

necessarily indicated by the subject expressed in the original. Pococke, in his learned and prolix commentary upon Hosea, notices the translation adopted by Mr Noyes, but relinquishing this, and also the rendering of the common version, he shows a preference for one different from both. "There is place for another," he says, "which may be more expressly answering to them [the words of the original,] without need of any supply, or wresting any of the words, and in that regard be preferred before any of them; and such I think to be that which is by some learned Jews suggested to us, which is,—*it*, or *this hath destroyed thee*, O Israel, *because in me is*, or *was thy help*." And then the critic bears himself off upon the crutches of an old Rabbi, in a manner too snail-paced for us to follow him.

We might point out some deviations from the common version in passages usually regarded as prophetic of the true Messiah, which, if the question were about establishing a new translation to supersede the old, would excite as much contest as if it were the fixing of the terms of a universal creed. Indeed we think the specimen we have already given shows, that however faithful a translation might be made by a single learned and judicious oriental scholar, or by a body of them, there would still be abundant food for critics and commentators.

We cannot quit our author without a few observations in regard to his notes. Concerning these he makes the following remarks:

"The few notes, which have been added, formed no part of my plan. They are such as could be prepared without any great expense of time, or interference with my plan of proceeding with the translation and publication of other portions of the Old Testament. They may serve to elucidate, to the attentive reader, some of the more difficult phraseology. They are not offered as supplying in the most distant degree the exposition, which is needed for the Prophets. If correct, they will do no harm, however much they may leave unexplained." Preface, p. xi.

This is given out with sufficient modesty, and we must take the liberty to say that Mr Noyes undervalues this part of his work; we mean what he has actually done. The notes are wholly free from minute philological speculations, and from all the parade of learning; but they contain many

valuable results of philological learning. There is not in them, we believe, a single word in the Hebrew, or in any other oriental character — they are popular notes, such as every reader of common education can understand ; and our only regret is that they are not more numerous, and, now and then, that they are not a little more full. They do more than the author promises — they not only “ serve to elucidate some of the more difficult phraseology,” but they clear up many obscure allusions to manners and customs, and bring distant objects home by illustrations drawn from modern travellers ; learned, intelligent, and trust-worthy travellers. We give one or two examples.

“ Come down, and sit in the dust, O virgin, daughter of Babylon !  
Sit on the ground without a throne, O daughter of the Chaldeans !  
For thou shalt no longer be called the tender and delicate.  
Take the mill and grind meal.” Isaiah, xlvii. 1, 2.

“ Grinding with the hand-mill was the work of female slaves. See Exodus, xi. 5. ‘ It is extremely laborious,’ says Sir John Chardin, ‘ and esteemed the lowest work in the house.’ ”

“ Fear not, [O Israel] for thou shalt not be confounded,  
Blush not, for thou shalt not be put to shame !  
For thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth.” Isaiah, liv. 4.

“ *Shame of thy youth* : i. e. the slavery in Egypt.”

“ Come all ye beasts of the field,  
Yea, all ye beasts of the forest, to devour !  
His watchmen are all blind ;” Isaiah, lvi. 9, 10.

“ The enemies of the Jews are the beasts of the forest ; the Jews, the flock ; the prophets, priests, and rulers, the watchmen.”

Mr Noyes is fully aware of the unreasonable prejudices and the various discouragements existing to the disadvantage of a new translation of the scriptures, and of the ingratitude, as we should term it, manifested against those who engage in the thankless undertaking. “ Almost every one,” he says, “ who has undertaken to translate a portion of the scriptures, has found it necessary to apologize for his audacity, or vindicate himself from being a corrupter of the Bible. Not a few have endeavored to gain the reputation of being friends to the scriptures by condemning those, who, without the hope of pecuniary emolument, have given their days and their nights, their health and their strength, to the business of making them understood by the community.” It is cer-

tainly so ; and as if all learning, skill, and fidelity had been already exhausted upon the subject, as if our common version were not only immaculate, but the very inspiration itself, the ignorant, with some justification, and men somewhat learned, with none, join in the clamor and throw impediments in the way. Still Mr Noyes is not discouraged. "It is my purpose," he says, "to continue translations of the prophetic and poetical writings of the Old Testament, as long as health and leisure, and the patronage of purchasers enables me to do it." Such is the perseverance and energy of a true scholar, of one who toils without tiring, from a genuine love of his pursuit. We hope and pray that his own consciousness of meritorious efforts in what he has done and is doing, will not be the only reward of talents and learning so honorably applied.

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ART. IX. — *Memoirs of Silvio Pellico da Saluzzo*. Translated from the Italian. By THOMAS ROSCOE. New York : J. & J. Harper. 1833. 12mo. pp. 216.

THIS English translation of the "*Memoire di Silvio Pellico*," is preceded by a "*Preliminary View*," which gives a rapid sketch of the political revolutions of Italy, and of the condition of Lombardy under the dominion of Austria, and barely mentions the crime for which Pellico suffered the dreadful punishment of which he presents the details. The French translator of the work, De Latour, has prefixed to the "*Memoires*" a biographical notice of Pellico, which we have not seen. We shall give a brief abstract of his life from a foreign journal, which is indebted for the account to De Latour.

"Pellico was born in Piedmont, about 1784, in that fortunate and happy middle class, which is the most favorable position for the virtues, and especially for the most delightful part of them, — family affection. He had the fortune too, whether good or bad, to be born a poet. At six years old he tried his infant hand upon a tragedy among the characters of Ossian. When sixteen, he accompanied his twin sister, on her marriage to Lyons. He was residing there very happily, when the perusal of '*Il Carne dei Sepolcri*,' which Foscolo had just published, inspired anew his

youthful imagination. In a few days he had recrossed the Alps, and rejoined his family at Milan, at that time the intellectual capital of Italy. On the Restoration, his family returned to Turin, but Pellico was tempted to remain. He had become at once friend and tutor in the families, first of the Count Briche, and afterwards of Count Porro. The latter excellent nobleman, — mild, virtuous and munificent, was, together with the still more unfortunate Confalonieri, the centre of a generous and gifted circle, where the elements of the moral and intellectual regeneration of their country were rapidly and deeply forming. In that circle Pellico occupied an honorable place. Monti and Foscolo, agreeing in little else, agreed in a flattering encouragement of his talents. Nevertheless, his modesty and respect for the public were so great, and so much did he value the enjoyment above the vanity of a poet, that his tragedy of 'Francesca di Rimini,' (since the delight of Italy) and his translation of 'Manfred' were first published by his friend Lodovico de Brême, and without his consent in 1819." — "It was in Porro's house that the celebrated, but short lived Journal, with the friendly title of the 'Conciliator,' was first set up. The suggestion was Pellico's. He was appointed secretary. Its supporters were the leading lights of Italy — Romagnosi, Gioza, Botta, and Manzoni. The censorship, which soon left its conductors no alternative but to stop, must have vibrated through the circle as a warning of a far heavier and closely impending danger. Towards the close of 1820, the thunderbolt of power broke in among them. Some were providentially protected by their extreme political prudence; others, as Porro and Arrivabene, saved themselves by flight; the rest were apprehended."

Now we come to the commencement of Pellico's memoirs. There is a perfect unity of purpose in his book. It gives us no knowledge of particulars in regard to his concern in political affairs, by which he subjected himself to imprisonment and to a relentless cruelty, which would bring deserved ignominy upon any tyrant or government, Jewish, Pagan, Christian or Mohammedan, in the darkest portion or period of the world.

"On Friday, the 15th of October, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conveyed to the prison of Santa Margherita [for everything however infernal has the *prænomen* of *Saint*]. The hour was three in the afternoon. I underwent a long examination, which occupied the whole of that and several subsequent days; but of this I shall say nothing. Like some unfortunate lover



harshly dealt with by her he adores, yet resolved to bear it with dignified silence, I leave *la politica* such as SHE is, and proceed to something else.

"At nine in the evening of that same unlucky Friday, the actuary consigned me to the jailer, who conducted me to my appointed residence." p. 23.

He was persecuted with examinations day after day, concerning which he states merely the simple fact, without any details, and he expected a release only through the hand of the executioner. But the next change was only for a worse apartment of the prison, which proved truly disheartening, since even change itself, without sensible relief, added to the restlessness which had been somewhat allayed by habit. The next change was indeed for a better apartment, but strange as it may seem, it was not made entirely without regret, occasioned by the breaking up of some associations which already alleviated his sufferings. On the 18th of February, 1821, about four months after his arrest and imprisonment, he was suddenly summoned in the morning for a removal, of which he had received no previous intimations. This proved to be from Milan, the place of his imprisonment at that time, to Venice. We cannot forbear to extract a few sentences descriptive of the place to which he was thus transported, and of the persons and circumstances pertaining to it.

"I followed the jailer in silence. After turning through a number of passages, and several large rooms, we arrived at a small staircase, which brought us under the *Piombi*, those notorious state prisons, dating from the time of the Venetian republic. . . . The chambers called *I Piombi* consist of the upper portion of the Doge's palace, and are covered throughout with lead." p. 63.

The room in which he was confined had a large window with enormous bars. From this window, however, he could see many prominent objects, and could even hear the conversation of persons below his prison-house. In respect to the persons surrounding him, we give the account of the impressions which he received and produced, in his own words :

"The new faces that appeared, wore a gloom at once strange and appalling. Report had greatly exaggerated the struggle of the Milanese and the rest of Italy to recover their independence ;

it was doubted if I were not one of the most desperate promoters of that mad enterprise; I found that my name, as a writer, was not wholly unknown to my jailer, to his wife, and even to his daughter, besides two sons, and the under jailers, all of whom, by their manner, seemed to have an idea that a writer of tragedies was little better than a kind of magician. They looked grave and distant, yet as if eager to learn more of me, had they dared to waive the ceremony of their iron office. In a few days I grew accustomed to their looks, or rather, I think, they found I was not so great a necromancer as to escape through the lead roofs, and consequently, assumed a more conciliating demeanor." p. 64.

Thus far, though he had been subjected to vexatious and long continued examinations, he had not passed through any form of trial.

"I had now," he says, "to confront the terrors of a state trial. What was my dread of implicating others by my answers! What difficulty to contend against so many strange accusations; so many suspicions of all kinds! How impossible, almost, not to become implicated by those incessant examinations, by daily new arrests, and the imprudence of other parties, perhaps not known to you, yet belonging to the same movement! I have decided not to speak on politics; and I must suppress every detail connected with the state trials. I shall merely observe, that after being subjected for successive hours to the harassing process, I retired in a frame of mind so excited and so enraged, that I should assuredly have taken my own life, had not the voice of religion and the recollection of my parents restrained my hand." pp. 65-66.

From the prison of *Piombi* he was removed to that of *San Michele*.

"We came out at a gate which opened upon the lake, and there stood a gondola, with two under jailers belonging to San Michele. I entered the boat with feelings of the most contradictory nature; regret at leaving the prison of the *Piombi*, where I had suffered so much, but where I had become attached to some individuals and they to me; the pleasure of beholding once more the sky, the city and the clear waters, without the intervention of iron bars." p. 118.

It was at this place of imprisonment, after an interval of more than sixteen months from the time of his arrest, that Pellico received his sentence.

"The 21st of February, 1822, the jailer came for me about ten

o'clock, and conducted me into the Hall of Commission. The members were all seated, but they rose; the President, the Inquisitor, and two assisting Judges. The first, with a look of deep commiseration, acquainted me that my sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one; but that the clemency of the Emperor had mitigated it.

"The Inquisitor, fixing his eye on me, then read it:— 'Silvio Pellico, condemned to death; the imperial decree is, that the sentence be commuted for fifteen years' hard imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.' "

The President added an encouragement, it does not appear with what authority, that "possibly, by affording an edifying example, Pellico might in a year or two be deemed worthy of receiving further favors from the imperial clemency." No imperial clemency however interposed for nearly nine years. The "hard imprisonment" was rigorously enforced; for it was not till August, 1830, that the prison-doors were opened. "Spielberg," it has been said in strong words, but no stronger than are justified by the disclosures of Pellico, "is already damned to historical infamy as certainly as the Bastile."

Pellico's health had already become impaired by the noxious atmosphere and various casual evils of less severe imprisonment, and it seems next to miraculous that he survived the *carcere duro*, the *hard imprisonment*, which subjected him "to wear chains on his legs, to sleep upon bare boards, and to eat the worst imaginable food." He became very ill, and the under jailer ventured to say to the superior that the prisoner "ought at least to have a straw bed"; but this seems not to have been a matter within the superintendent's discretion, and the physician was in no haste to visit the prisoner and perform his duty. As a matter of great compassion, the under jailer, Schiller, (who, though neither philosopher nor poet, had some bowels of mercy) furnished him with one of his own long shirts, as a substitute for one which Pellico wore, which was drenched with perspiration. The physician appeared after two days, and insisted that Pellico should be removed from his cavern to an apartment above. But the latter was not done till the Governor of Moravia and Silesia commanded, from the exigency of the case, a compliance with the physician's advice. What a cruel mockery were chains to a prisoner thus prostrated by

disease! And still more cruel the offering of food consisting of black bread, and of messes of soup and of herbs "mixed in such a way as to turn the stomach with the smell." The physician at length put him on "the hospital diet," which proving insufficient, he tried to return to the substantial diet; but "do what I would," he says, "to conquer my aversion, it was all labor lost. I was compelled to live upon the fourth part of ordinary meals; and for a whole year I knew by experience the tortures of hunger." He again became ill, after he had in some measure recovered his strength, for want of nourishment. The irritation and pain produced by his chains, aggravated his disease, by preventing any continued sleep. At length he reluctantly asked the physician for relief from them for a few days. The latter replied that it was not necessary at present, and that he must "become accustomed to the chain."

Some dispensations from the rigorous circumstances of imprisonment seem to have been allowed on the part of the physician, but there seems to have been no discretion on the part of the ordinary ministerial officers of the prison, to alleviate distress. Whatever of this kind was done, was done at a risk, to which Pellico, with stubborn honor, would not consent. The following circumstance, which would not be suspected to come within the scope of our remark concerning dispensations or privileges, is too curious to be passed over. Maroncelli had become affected with bad humors of the body, which resulted in an incurable disease in his leg. The superintendent informed Maroncelli of the opinion of the physician to that effect.

"'Is there anything,' says Maroncelli, 'he would propose?'

"'Yes,' says the superintendent, 'the amputation of the limb; only perceiving how much your constitution is broken down, he hesitates to advise you. Weak as you are, could you support the operation? will you run the risk? —

"'Of dying? and shall I not equally die if I go on, without ending this diabolical torture?'

"'We will send off an account, then, direct to Vienna, soliciting permission, and the moment it comes, you shall have your leg cut off.'

"'What! does it require a *permit* for this?'

"'Assuredly, sir,' was the reply.

"In about a week a courier arrived from Vienna with the expected news." p. 187.

During the whole period of his imprisonment, Pellico was familiar with the thought of death, and would at any time have welcomed the summons, as coming, not from a grim messenger, but from an angel of mercy. We have given only a faint outline of his physical sufferings. His mental agony may be conceived of in some sort, when we look upon him as a man of strong domestic affections, precluded from all communication with father, mother, brethren and sisters, even by interchange of letters or messages, and totally uncertain of their fate;—when we think of him as a scholar and an author immured in dark abodes, and confined by chains;—when we find that his deep religious feeling, his filial piety, and fraternal love, alone stayed his hand, and prevented his putting a period to his own existence.

If there were any such thing as unmingled evil, we might expect to find it here. But dark as the picture is, it has its bright parts. We are taught in the narrative by powerful illustrations, how a refined and cultivated mind, disciplined in the school of morality and religion, can bring good out of evil, and display the triumphs of virtue. It was by such a character that Pellico won the affections of all the subordinate ministers of power, even to the lowest menials, thus gaining, without the lures of flattery or more substantial bribes, a kindly feeling, even if it could not be accompanied by a kindly act. This is something worth knowing and worth enjoying. We are apt to think that the minions of tyranny are altogether brutish, and go through their routine of cruel exactions with a hardness of heart, as if it were as innate as the ferocity of the lion or the tiger, without considering (alas for poor humanity!) that the force of circumstances might have placed us in a situation, which might make a conventional duty a moral disgrace, which might bring the curse due to the sovereign, upon the head of the lowest subjects. Omitting other examples, we take that only of Schiller, the under jailer of Spielberg, who said, "It pleased fortune to make a fool of me, by giving me the name of a great man." Pellico tells us how he mistook the outward acts of this man, for the true index of his character; the harshness of his speech and the apparently proud flourish of his keys, as the sure tokens of tyrannical temper and conduct. The man whom he thus judged, however, was then, he says, "revolving thoughts of compassion, and

assuredly had spoken in that harsh tone only to conceal his real feelings." Schiller, an old man, could not conceal from Pellico his dislike of his office. "I am bad — rank bad. They made me take an oath, which I must and will keep. I am bound to treat all the prisoners with equal severity," &c. Pellico expressed his respect for the jailer's principles of fidelity. "Poor gentleman," said Schiller, "have patience, and pity me. I shall be hard as steel in my duty, but my heart bleeds to be unable to relieve the unfortunate." This kind hearted man showed his tenderness to Pellico by anxiety for his health, and by all the good offices which his situation enabled him to perform. He even acted the philosopher, occasionally. When Pellico's pride was wounded by the denial of the favor of a temporary release from his chains before mentioned, which was asked by Schiller's advice, he showed his vexation by chiding the old man. "The proud," said Schiller in reply, "value themselves mightily in never exposing themselves to a refusal, in never accepting an offer, in being ashamed of a thousand little matters. *Alle eseleyn*, asses as they all are. Vain grandeur, want of true dignity, which consists in being ashamed only of bad actions!"

The old man was not hard to be appeased, and the close of the next scene, in this little dramatic act, is as gay as the preceding was grave.

"He went off," adds Pellico, "and made the door ring with a tremendous noise. I was dismayed; yet his rough sincerity scarcely displeased me. . . . At the dinner hour he left my fare with the convict, Kunda, while Schiller stood outside. I called him. 'I have no time,' he replied very dryly.

"I rose, and going to him, said, 'If you wish my dinner to agree with me, pray don't look so horribly sour; it is worse than vinegar.'

"And how ought I to look?" he asked, rather more appeased.

"Cheerful and like a friend," was my reply.

"Let us be merry, then! *Viva l'allegria!*" cried the old man. 'And if it will make your dinner agree with you, I will dance you a hornpipe into the bargain.' And assuming a broad grin, he set to work with his long, lean, spindle shanks, which he worked about like two huge stilts, till I thought I should have died with laughing." pp. 151, 152.

Pellico was in the habit of conversing with Count Orobóni from the window of his apartment, which afforded this means of communication between these prisoners in adjoining rooms. This was his principal consolation. It was, however, contrary to the rules of *hard* or *severe* imprisonment. Being overheard on one occasion by the sentinels, and upbraided by them, the superintendent took up the alarm, and asked Schiller in a threatening voice, why he did not keep a better watch. Schiller, in an angry tone, real or feigned, ordered Pellico never again to speak from the window, and wished him to promise that he would not.

“ ‘I am sorry, dear Schiller,’ said Pellico, ‘if you have suffered on my account. But I cannot promise what I do not mean to perform.’ ”

“ ‘And why not perform it?’ ”

“ ‘Because I cannot; because this continual solitude is such a torment to me. No! I will speak as long as I have breath, and invite my neighbor to talk to me. If he refuse, I will talk to my window-bars, I will talk to the hills before me, I will talk to the birds as they fly about. I will talk.’ ”

As the dialogue proceeded Schiller, rose from importunity to clamor, till being completely disarmed, by admiration of his prisoner, as we infer, he threw his long bony arms about the neck of Pellico, and exclaimed,

“ ‘By —, and you shall talk! Am I to cease to be a man, because of this vile mob of keys? You are a gentleman, and I like your spirit! I know you will not promise. I would do the same in your place.’ ” pp. 152, 153.

Accordingly no other promise was exacted, than that the conversations should never again be such as to excite the attention of the sentinels. Orobóni died in June, 1823, a little previous to which, Pellico had obtained permission, after much perseverance, to receive Maroncelli as a companion in bonds and affliction. Such they remained till they were released in 1830 from these abodes of suffering, disease, and death,—from the last of which they narrowly escaped.

We have mentioned the alleviations of his solitude and confinement which Pellico obtained by means of occasional fellowship and sympathy, and at length by receiving, for a constant companion, one with whom he could share all



his sorrows and consolations. He was also supported by religion and philosophy superadded to mental cultivation. In the early period of his imprisonment, he mentions the following expedient to which he had recourse, in order to gain the victory over his passions.

"Every morning, after I had finished my devotions, I set myself diligently to work to recall to mind every possible occurrence of a trying and painful kind, such as a final parting from my dearest friends, and the approach of the executioner. I did this not only to inure my nerves to bear sudden or dreadful incidents, too surely my future portion, but that I might not again be taken unawares. At first this melancholy task was insupportable, but I persevered, and in a short time became reconciled to it." p. 51.

There are many things of this kind worth recording which we must pass over, as also various literary efforts at different times. But religion, philosophy, and literary reminiscences and projects could not always sustain him in his days and months of solitude, of disease and suffering. Many therefore were his seasons of despondency; and twice he was on the verge of faithless and reckless despair. This however was previous to his imprisonment at Spielberg. During the long period of his confinement at that place, there occurred a capriciousness in discipline, which is not accounted for. From 1824 to 1827, inclusive, "the rigor of our prison discipline," says Pellico, "rendered our lives one unvaried scene. . . . How we lived through years like these is wonderful. We were forbidden the use of books. The prison was one immense tomb."

We have alluded to a few particulars in which Pellico made his evils and sufferings the ministers of good. We here add, in his own words, the conclusion of the whole matter.

"Now, therefore, for all my past misfortunes and sufferings, as well as for all the good or evil yet reserved for me, may the providence of God be blessed; of God, who renders all men, and all things, however opposite the intention of the actors, the wonderful instruments which he directs to the greatest and best of purposes."

The spirit here manifested, is the pervading spirit of the book; and without any adventures or narratives to gratify the curiosity and taste of one who looks for the tales of a criminal calendar; without any other romance than that of

the actual experience of an individual, and the workings of a single rich and well furnished mind, in the depths of adversity ; without any artificial reaching after eloquence and effect, — the “memoirs” of Pellico rivet the attention of the reader, and present minute views of the internal man, of which fiction can furnish, comparatively, but a feeble imitation.

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ART. X. — *Poems.* By the Hon<sup>ble</sup> MRS NORTON. Boston : Allen & Ticknor. 1833. 12mo. pp. 148.

WE have often seen the poems of this lady separately. She appears to enjoy a good degree of ephemeral popularity at home. It would, however, be extravagant to place her among the distinguished female writers of the age, for instance, by the side of Mrs Hemans, though she is the editor of a Court Journal. Yet she has a certain command of poetical expression, imagery and sentiment, that are pleasing. Some of her pieces are harmonious and pretty. But there is too large a portion of threadbare sentimentalism. No rational being, except perhaps a reviewer, could read through a volume of such poetry at a time. It must be taken in small doses, and not too often repeated. Of her best manner, we take the following specimen :

“ THE CARELESS WORD.

“ A word is ringing through my brain,  
It was not meant to give me pain ;  
It had no tone to bid it stay,  
When other things had past away ;  
It had no meaning more than all  
Which in an idle hour fall :  
It was when *first* the sound I heard  
A lightly uttered, careless word.

“ That word — oh ! it doth haunt me now,  
In scenes of joy, in scenes of wo ;  
By night, by day, in sun or shade,  
With the half smile that gently played  
Reproachfully, and gave the sound  
Eternal power through life to wound.  
There is no voice I ever heard,  
So deeply fix'd as that one word.

“ When in the laughing crowd some tone,  
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,

Strikes on my ear, I shrink — for then  
The careless word comes back again.  
When all alone I sit and gaze  
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,  
Lo! freshly as when first 'twas heard,  
Returns that lightly uttered word.

“ When dreams bring back the days of old,  
With all that wishes could not hold ;  
And from my feverish couch I start  
To press a shadow to my heart —  
Amid its beating echoes, clear  
That little word I seem to hear ;  
In vain I say, while it is heard,  
Why weep ? — 'twas but a foolish word.

“ It comes — and with it come the tears,  
The hopes, the joys of former years ;  
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,  
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,  
And all as joyless, though they *were*  
The brightest things life's spring could share.  
Oh! would to God I ne'er had heard  
That lightly uttered, careless word !

“ It was the first, the only one  
Of those which lips for ever gone  
Breathed in their love — which had for me  
Rebuke of harshness at my glee :  
And if those lips were here to say,  
' Beloved, let it pass away,'  
Ah! then, perchance — but I have heard  
The last dear tone — the careless word!

“ Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,  
Whose words are treasures to some heart,  
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,  
When earth hath but for *one* a home ;  
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,  
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,  
And, heeding not what else they heard,  
Dwell weeping on a careless word.” pp. 14-15.

The following is beautiful, but common-place :

“ Oh! life is like the summer rill, where weary daylight dies ;  
We long for morn to rise again, and blush along the skies.  
For dull and dark that stream appears, whose waters, in the day,  
All glad in conscious sunniness, went dancing on their way.  
But when the glorious sun hath 'woke and looked upon the earth,  
And over hill and dale there float the sounds of human mirth ;  
We sigh to see day hath not brought its perfect light to all,  
For with the sunshine on those waves, the silent shadows fall.

"Oh! like that changeful summer rill, our years go gliding by,  
 Now bright with joy, now dark with tears, before youth's eager eye.  
 And thus we vainly pant for all the rich and golden glow,  
 Which young hope, like an early sun, upon its course can throw.  
 Soon o'er our half-illuminated hearts the stealing shadows come,  
 And every thought that woke in light receives its share of gloom.  
 And we weep while joys and sorrows both are fading from our view,  
 To find, wherever sunbeams fall, the shadow cometh too!"

pp. 47, 48.

The next and last specimen with which we shall favor our readers, is original; but we are not sure that it is much the better for that. If we mistake not, they will find it a *hard nut to crack*.

"MY HEART IS LIKE A WITHERED NUT.

"My heart is like a withered nut,  
 Rattling within its hollow shell;  
 You cannot ope my breast, and put  
 Anything fresh with it to dwell.  
 The hopes and dreams that filled it when  
 Life's spring of glory met my view,  
 Are gone! and ne'er with joy or pain  
 That shrunken heart shall swell anew.

"My heart is like a withered nut;  
 Once it was soft to every touch,  
 But now 'tis stern and closely shut;—  
 I would not have to plead with such.  
 Each light-toned voice once cleared my brow,  
 Each gentle breeze once shook the tree  
 Where hung the sun-lit fruit, which now  
 Lies cold, and stiff, and sad, like me!

"My heart is like a withered nut—  
 It once was comely to the view;  
 But since misfortune's blast hath cut,  
 It hath a dark and mournful hue.  
 The freshness of its verdant youth  
 Nought to that fruit can now restore;  
 And my poor heart, I feel in truth,  
 Nor sun, nor smile shall light it more!"

pp. 18, 19.

This seems to us a mere cold *conceit*, much like what may be found in Cowley's "Love-verses," which may pass for anything, rather than the signs of tender emotion.

ART. XI. — *The Vegetable World*. By CHARLES WILLIAMS.  
First American Edition. Boston: James B. Dow. 1833.  
16mo. pp. 260.

WE have a sufficient number of school-books which contain enough of the terminology of the science of Botany; and we would not speak disparagingly of the aid to be derived from classification, by persons of any age. It is well for the young to be able to refer the plants which they meet with to their true places, according to a scientific arrangement, however artificial. But the acquiring of such a use of the instruments of knowledge cannot be very attractive, and the dry nomenclature of Linnæus, must be of itself a pretty repulsive study, separate from its practical application. — Something more, therefore, than systematic botany, or something different from it, is required to make the subject generally interesting; something which gives it more enlargement, and shows its uses beyond its connexion with a mere dictionary of names. This is done in the work before us. In the way of familiar dialogues, and familiar lessons, Mr Williams has succeeded in conveying much useful information concerning the physiology of plants and trees, their varieties, their habits, and their localities; calling up also, at times, various agreeable associations with different species as pertaining to persons, places, seasons, customs, &c.

Mr Williams has given his book the form of dialogue, purporting to be the "conversations of the Elwood family," consisting of the parents, a son, and a daughter.

The parents, describing the parts, the growth and vitality of plants, were asked very naturally by one of the children, whether "plants ever sleep." We give the answer as a specimen of the mode of teaching.

"Oh, yes!" says Mr E.; "Some, like a few of our birds, more of our insects, and almost all our forest beasts, seem to sleep through the day, and to awake and become active at night; while the greater number of plants, as well as animals, resign themselves to sleep at sunset, and appear re-invigorated with the dawn. To give you an example: the flowers of one class\* are called Papilionaceous, a word taken from *Papilio*, the Latin for butterfly; and those of this tribe generally spread out those parts

\* *Diadelphia*, order *Decandria*.

which are called their *wings*, in fine weather, to admit the rays of the sun ; and fold them up again at the approach of night. The fact was first observed by Linnæus. Some seeds of one of these plants were given him by a friend, and, having sown them in his green-house, they soon produced two beautiful flowers. The gardener was absent when these were first observed ; and in the evening, when Linnæus took him with a lanthorn to see them, they were nowhere to be found ; so that he himself supposed they had been destroyed by insects, or by some accident ; but the next morning, to his great surprise, he found his flowers just where they had been the day before. That evening, too, they were not to be seen, but the next morning they looked as fresh as ever. The gardener said, "These cannot be the same flowers ; they must have blown since." But Linnæus was not so easily satisfied ; as soon as it was dark he once more visited the plant, and, after lifting up all its leaves, one by one, he found the two flowers folded up, and so closely concealed under them, that it was impossible, at first sight, to discover what they were. This led him to observe other flowers of the same tribe, when he found that all of them, more or less, closed at night, and this he called the sleep of plants." pp. 13, 14.

Of the particular qualities and uses of fluids of various plants, besides their relation to the physiology of vegetables, several interesting accounts are given. For example :

"The tree that produces caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, which was first introduced into Europe about the beginning of the last century, is a native of South America and the West Indies. — This substance is an elastic resin, obtained by making incisions in the stem. The juice is collected as it trickles from the wound, and moulds of clay, in the form of little bottles, are dipped into it. A layer of this juice dries on the clay, and several layers are added, till the bottle is of sufficient thickness. It is then beaten to break down the clay, which is easily shaken out. The Indians make boots of caoutchouc, which are water-proof, and, when smoked, look like leather. The inhabitants of Quito prepare from it a kind of cloth, which they use as we do oil and sail-cloth ; and, in the West Indies, flambeaux are made of it, that burn without a wick, and are used by fishermen when they go out to fish at night." pp. 26, 27.

The following, though taken from the meaner classes of vegetable productions, may serve as a specimen of our author's manner of illustrating the value of a practical knowledge of the vegetable kingdom.

"It is a remarkable fact that the lichens, or aërial algæ, never grow under water, while the fuci, or aquatic algæ, never grow out of water; and the same may be said of many other plants, some of which are, as it were, the living boundaries of land and sea. Thus the samphire never grows but on the sea-shore, and yet is never found within reach of the waves, or rather, is never so near as to be wholly covered by the waters. A knowledge of this was on one occasion very consolatory. A vessel was driven on shore near Beachy Head, in 1821, and the whole of the crew were washed overboard. Four escaped from the wreck, but only as they thought to suffer a more lingering death; for, having in the darkness of the night been cast upon the breakers, they found when they had climbed up the highest of these low rocks, that the waves were rapidly advancing; and they doubted not that when the tide attained its height, the whole range would be entirely covered with water. Unable to see anything beyond the spot on which they stood, and followed by the infuriated waves, which at length dashed upon them, the hope of life was quenched, and, in the agony of despair, they were debating whether they should not throw themselves on the mercy of the waters, when one of them, to hold himself more firmly to the rock, grasped a weed, which, even wet as it was, he well knew, as a flash of lightning afforded a momentary glance, was a sort of samphire, and he recollected that it never grows under water. That plant instantly became to these miserable men a messenger of mercy; and they felt assured that the voice of God would say to the waste of waters, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.' And so it was. In the morning they were seen from the cliffs, and conveyed safely to the shore." pp. 44, 45.

The latter part of the book is taken up with the description of various kinds of trees, of their most obvious characteristics, properties and uses. We select one example. The children being encouraged to ask any questions they wished, respecting the plants and trees mentioned in the Bible; one of them asked, "What kind of a tree is the sycamore?"

"The name it bears," replied Mr E., 'is formed of two words; one means a fig-tree, and the other a mulberry-tree, because it resembles the latter in its leaves, and the former in its fruit. The sycamore is of the height of a beech, and bears its fruit in a manner quite different from other trees: it has them on the trunk itself, which shoots out little sprigs in the form of grape-stalks, at the end of which grow the fruit, close to one another,



almost like a cluster of grapes. The tree is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing any certain seasons. The fruit has the figure and smell of real figs, but is inferior to them in the taste, having a disagreeable sweetness. Its color is a yellow, inclining to an ochre, shadowed by a flesh color. In the inside it resembles the common figs, except that it has a blackish coloring, with yellow spots. The tree is pretty common in Egypt; the people, for the greater part, live on its fruit, and think themselves well regaled when they have a piece of bread, a couple of sycamore figs, and a pitcher of water. In Palestine, too, it is often seen. Its timber has been used in the construction of buildings, and has proved very durable. Dr Shaw states, when describing the catacombs and mummies of Egypt, that he found both the mummy-chests, and the little square boxes, containing various figures, which are placed at the feet of each mummy, to be made of sycamore-wood, and thus preserved, uncorrupted and entire, for at least three thousand years.' " pp. 220, 221.

The American publisher, promises "Nature in Art and Science anticipated;" and "The Treasures of the Earth," by the author of the "Vegetable World." If they shall prove as well designed, as attractive, and as pure in their moral tendency as the present work, they will be useful and acceptable. We could point out some errors in the volume of which we have spoken, but not of sufficient magnitude to call for particular notice. It contains a great deal of information, suited no less to adults than to children.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

FOR OCTOBER, 1833.

Travels in America, by George Fibleton, Esq. Ex-Barber to his Majesty the King of Great Britain. New York.

A Discourse on the Right Moral Influence and Use of Liberal Studies. By G. C. Verplanck. New York.

Outlines of the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States. By Wm. A. Duer, LL. D. President of Columbia College. N. York.

Outre Mer, or a Pilgrimage beyond Sea. Boston.

## ENGLISH BOOKS REPRINTED IN AMERICA.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Second Series. Philad.

A Guide to an Irish Gentleman in his Search of a Religion. Philad. Delaware, or the Ruined Family. Philadelphia.

History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations. By William Howitt. Boston.

Horace Walpole's Letters, edited by the late Lord Dorset. N. York. Grace Cassidy, or the Repealers. Philadelphia.

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life. By Lady Morgan. New York.

History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745 and '46. By Robert Chambers.

## THEOLOGY.

The Jews and the Mosaic Law. Part 1. Containing a Defence of the Revelation of the Pentateuch, and of the Jews for their Adherence to the same. By Isaac Lesser, Reader of the Portuguese Jewish Congregation in Philadelphia. Philadelphia.

## MEDICAL.

Treatise on the Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels. Translated from the French of R. J. Bertue. Philadelphia.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

United States Naval and Military Magazine. Washington.

The Modern Builder's Guide. New York.

Principles of Government; a Treatise on Free Institutions, including the Constitution of the United States. By Nathaniel Chipman, LL. D. Burlington, Vt.

The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, by T. G. Herder, translated from the German, by James Marsh. Burlington, Vt.

Lamarck's Genera of Shells ; with a Catalogue of Species, translated from the French, by A. A. Gould, M. D. Boston.

Young Lady's Sunday Book. Boston.

Memoirs of Mrs Lydia Malcom. Boston.

Principles of Modern Horsemanship. Boston.

Oran the Outcast, or a Season in New York. New York.

The Book of Commerce by Sea and Land, with a History of Commerce, &c. Designed for the Use of Schools. Boston.